

The Nation.

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The Week.

THE Custom-house investigation has been going on vigorously during the week, the principal point of it being the "general order" system, of which there was so much talk in Congress. This system, we may explain for the benefit of the uninitiated, is one under which imported goods, for whose removal to the Government bonded warehouses or the owner's store a permit has not been obtained by payment of the duties or otherwise within forty-eight hours after the arrival of the cargo, are transferred to a general order warehouse kept by a private individual with the authorization of the Government. The interest of this individual is to get as many goods landed before the owners can get permits for them as possible, and when they are placed in his store to charge as much as possible for keeping them. The control of this business, or of a great portion of it, was obtained soon after General Grant came into power by a person named Leet, whose case has excited a great deal of comment in and out of Congress, and has been used freely against the President. It was examined by the Congressional Committee last year, and has now been examined again. We shall attempt a brief summary of the evidence about it, setting down nothing which seems doubtful.

Leet, a Pennsylvanian, served on General Grant's staff, and in 1868 was still in the army, and a clerk in the War Department. In that year he came to Mr. Grinnell, with a letter of introduction and of warm *general* recommendation—not recommendation for anything in particular—from the President, and, on presenting it, informed Mr. Grinnell, what that gentleman did not then know, that he was to be collector at New York. The announcement and the letter, coming at the same time, seem to have made Mr. Grinnell deferential, and he asked Leet what he could do for a person in whom the President took so much interest; whereupon Leet frankly informed him that he must have the general order business, or, in other words, the keeping of the stores in which the class of goods above mentioned was deposited, from which Leet acknowledged that he expected to make \$60,000 a year. Mr. Grinnell forthwith gave him a portion of it, and this Leet farmed out to a man named Bixby, under an agreement by which Bixby paid him \$5,000 a year certain, and half of all profits over \$10,000. During the year 1869-70, this went on, Leet continuing in the army, residing at Washington, and drawing his pay in the War Department, but complaining bitterly all the while of his not having more of the general order business than Mr. Grinnell had given him, and threatening him with removal if he did not give him more, but at the same time concealing his connection with it by having himself represented in New York by Mr. Lindsay, a friend of Mr. Grinnell's. These threats against Mr. Grinnell appear to have continued throughout the year, though the gains of Bixby and Leet were large. Finally, Mr. Grinnell was removed, in a little over one year after he had taken office, he never knew exactly why; and then Leet moved into New York, and openly took charge of the general order business under Collector Murphy, and still holds it. It is right to add that it appeared that, during the first year, he was living in the same house and "messing" with Generals Babcock and Porter, of the President's staff. The unfavorable inferences which might be and have been drawn from the President's share in the transaction with him are met by General Porter's testimony, which Leet corroborated in communications made to Lindsay, that General Grant gave the letter to Mr. Grinnell, not as a recommendation for a place, but as a general commendation to Mr. Grinnell's kind offices, and in the belief that Leet was going to settle in New York in business, as a private individual, and

that he (the President) also told Leet of his unwillingness to have him take any office, after having served on his staff, on grounds of "propriety." This testimony would have more weight if, when the scandal was first brought to light, Leet had been dismissed, or had retired, or ever given any signs of uneasiness.

In the matter of "assessments for political purposes" there has been a good deal of evidence. They were levied in Mr. Grinnell's time, but against his will, by a mysterious power, to which the witnesses all referred vaguely and darkly. "A paper" would come to the Custom-house assessing the officials at so much, left, if one might judge by the evidence, by an invisible hand, but which we with our carnal eye have no hesitation in declaring to have been brought by a common two-legged messenger from the chairman of the National or State Committee. It was then "passed round," and every man put down his name. It was once passed round in aid of an election in Connecticut or New Hampshire, the free and enlightened citizens of that State being apparently unable to select their governor or legislature without getting a small pecuniary help from a parcel of poor clerks in this city. Mr. Grinnell could not stand this, but he could not allow "the paper" to go back unfilled, lest the Mysterious Power should be vexed, so he paid the whole sum, \$7,000, out of his own pocket, a portion being refunded to him afterwards by other high officials. There is plenty of testimony that the practice still continues. In one case, which came to our own knowledge the other day, the victim, an elderly man with a family, was not asked coarsely for money, but was "advised" by his superior as "a friend" to join a certain Republican organization, which he did, and then the organization levied on him, not as a Custom-house officer, but as a member. Mr. Greeley testified, on information and belief, that the "serenade" to Tom Murphy the other night was paid for by assessment. We hope it was well paid for, for we can hardly imagine a more trying *rôle* for a musician than fiddling and blowing away on a cold night in the street in front of a window or balcony presenting nothing more inspiring than the dark outlines of "Tom's" graceful form, and those of two or three politicians of the same age.

Mr. Greeley testified at some length on the subject of the interference of Custom-house officials in State politics. He knew very few things positively and of his own knowledge; but he brought out pretty clearly that there were sixty Custom-house officers at Albany helping to elect the Speaker of the Assembly. Mr. Greeley is, however, almost disabled in this controversy by his deep sense, which he cannot conceal, of the wrongs of the Fenton wing of the Republican party. He hardly disguises that he is troubled above all by the use of the Federal patronage to proscribe and discourage the Fentonites; and the *Times*, of course, uses his avowed sympathy with the Fentonites to support its theory that the *Tribune's* efforts in the direction of reform are mere outbursts of Fentonite spleen. Now, there is only one difference between a Fentonite and a Conklingite known to finite intelligence, and it is simply this—that a Fentonite thinks highly of Fenton and lowly of Conkling; while a Conklingite thinks highly of Conkling and lowly of Fenton. On questions of public policy, except the question of the proper distribution of offices in this State, there is absolutely no difference of opinion between the two factions. In fact, no fight in an Irish fair was ever more senseless and ridiculous, and the possession by each faction of one of the principal Republican papers makes the quarrel a serious impediment to all reform. The *Times* is now not simply a thick-and-thin Administration paper, denying whatever the Administration needs to have denied, and affirming whatever it needs to have affirmed; but it is a thick-and-thin Murphy-and-Custom-house paper, and the sworn foe of all enquiries or investigations likely

to damage Murphy or the Custom-house, his most powerful stronghold, from which large bands of retainers sally out every now and then and make raids on the Fentonites. We think we are only expressing the general opinion—and it is an opinion which all past experience of "Administration organs" justifies—that the *Times* is not simply leading people to distrust reformers, but is seriously injuring General Grant. If he is wise, he will direct it not to display too much zeal—at least, to affect moderation of statement, and, above all, to avoid personal attacks on his opponents. It is pleasant to make these attacks, but it is bad policy.

Fisk was shot on Saturday afternoon by his old rival in the affections of Mrs. Mansfield, as he ascended the stairs of the Grand Central Hotel, and died the next morning, having created by his decease a genuine sensation, greater, probably, than he ever created in his life, and which it is almost a pity he could not have enjoyed before his departure. The news flew about the city, and was telegraphed all over the country considerably faster than wildfire, and his condition and prospects were, as long as he lived, the principal topic of conversation. Some of the papers—by way, we suppose, of making the best of a bad job—try to see a certain retributive appropriateness in the manner of his death, but we doubt very much whether this will be the impression made on those whom his career has dazzled. Any man may be murdered, and the moral of his murder, to his admirers, is that one should avoid getting into scrapes about women. The only end that would have made his career a warning, instead of a model, would be his death in old clothes, and in penury and neglect. But to be struck down in a "Grand Central Hotel," in his velvet and his diamonds, and with his gorgeous coach at the door, and to die with a dozen physicians round his bed, and a hundred reporters outside, and leave an enormous amount of property in a will drawn by a leading member of the bar, was not, to the children of mammon, a very dreadful way of quitting the world; nay, we should say that the majority of them think, in their hearts, it was a very fine way. He died a little early, to be sure, but if he had tarried longer, his figure would have grown more corpulent, and his digestion feebler. There is only one thing wanting to make the disgrace which Fisk's life and death have inflicted on the community complete, and that is that Stokes, the murderer, should escape justice. That the courts and newspapers should have been occupied for months with the quarrels of the two scoundrels about a common strumpet, and that the helpless stockholders whom Fisk had swindled should, after vain appeals to legislatures and courts, have at last been reduced to hoping for succor from Mansfield's production of Fisk's "love letters" to her, was humiliating enough, in all conscience; but the lowest depth would be reached if Fisk's rival—a blackguard of the same tribe as himself—should be allowed to end their quarrel by ambushing and murdering him in broad daylight, in a great city, on the staircase of a crowded hotel, and escape punishment, either through legal quibbles or jurymen's stupidity.

Mr. Schurz has taken up the *Times* "exposure" of him in the Senate, and, we are sorry to say, accuses that paper of "cumulative, intrepid, and shameless lying." The charge of "spurning with contempt" the nomination for the Lieutenant-Governorship of Wisconsin in 1859 he says is false; he declined it. The charge of not supporting the ticket he says is "false"; he did support it, and stumped the State for three weeks in its favor. He did take \$250 a week from the Republican Committee in the Presidential canvass of 1860, but it went to pay the expenses of incessant travel, between July 1 and Nov. 6, through five States, during which he made 160 speeches. Moreover, he says, he has spent just seventy-two weeks, or one year and five months, since 1856, in public speaking for the Republican party, and has received less for it than a popular lecturer receives in three weeks. The charge that he asked for a brigadier-generalship, with a major-general's command, he says is false; Mr. Lincoln offered him a brigadiership. The charge that he used

his influence with "the German element" to secure his stay in the army after the war was over longer than there was any use for him, he says is false, and indeed it appears to be curiously and boldly false. Johnston surrendered April 26, 1865; Schurz was then with Sherman's army in North Carolina, and he immediately got leave of absence and went to Washington, for the purpose of resigning, and the first major-general's resignation recorded in the War Department was Sigel's, May 4, and the second, Schurz's, May 5. The charge about getting the collectorship for his brother-in-law has this foundation—that the appointment was proposed and urged by the Illinois delegation; that Schurz was asked to urge it in person, and refused; and finally, after pressure, endorsed the recommendation, with the remark that the Chicago Germans were entitled to some consideration. The charge that he pestered General Grant for offices is met by the fact that General Grant politely reproached him after he took office for not coming to see him. We are sorry to add that the *Times* returns to the subject in a second article, and does not notice one of these corrections, though it publishes the speech in full, but walks up and down in front of them, cursing and calling names and throwing out insinuations, in the style of Oakey Hall's *Leader*.

Mr. John Sherman has been put in nomination by the Republican caucus of the Ohio Legislature without much difficulty, his opponents, on the whole, making a poor show, but apparently foreseeing the fate that awaited them if they went into the caucus. Mr. Ashley's and Mr. Bingham's denunciations of the caucus have furnished, and not unjustifiably, much matter for merry-making to the Cincinnati *Commercial*, which thinks they have been rather slow in becoming virtuous. Sherman's "record" did not appear to hurt him in the least, though not one of the facts which we recently brought against him, and which show him to be a base politician and ridiculous chairman of a finance committee, can be or has been denied. Indeed, we may mention as an illustration of the widely different ways in which different people look at things, that the Chicago *Evening Journal*, after mentioning these charges, and gainsaying none of them, declares that the triumph of Sherman is a "cause of national rejoicing"; "that every citizen who has the best interests of the country at heart . . . sees in the success of Sherman an assurance of national prosperity," and it adds that "he is one of the few great statesmen of the country." It ought to have said "the only great statesman in the country," which would be as much as any respectable party paper could be expected to say.

It is rather difficult to tell the story of the Louisiana troubles in a comprehensible way, and in small compass; but the main facts are these: The Republican party is divided into two factions, as in this State—a Custom-house faction, headed by the United States Packard, and Collector Casey, the President's brother-in-law, who has, the New York *Times* says, "taken the Custom-house out of politics," and a Warmoth faction, headed by the Governor. There are no differences of opinion between them, any more than between our factions; but they hate each other, and struggle fiercely for the control of the Federal patronage. Last summer, Casey got the better of the Warmothites by holding the Republican Convention in the Custom-house, and overawing the enemy with United States troops and Gatling guns. The quarrel has raged fiercely ever since, and now Dunn, the Lieutenant-Governor, who was a Custom-house man, and a very dark-colored man, has died. The Governor got the Senate, which is on his side, to elect Pinchback, who is a light mulatto, in his place, thus infuriating the dark party among the negroes. Hereupon arose disputes, into which we shall not enter, as to Warmoth's power to convene one branch of the Legislature without the other. Anyhow, an extra session is called, and the Custom-house men do all they can to prevent a quorum, and for this purpose send some Senators down the river in the revenue cutter, while Carter, the Speaker of the

House, gets some Representatives indicted by the Grand Jury, and then has them arrested and expelled, and then the Governor and others are arrested by Packard, under United States warrants, for violating the Force Act—and so the wretched quarrel goes on, each party having collected armed forces and keeping the city in hourly fear of a bloody riot. Casey, the Collector, has, however, been rebuked by Secretary Boutwell, and ordered to land his cargo from the revenue cutter, and refrain from interference. We may mention that, according to most accounts, at the bottom of this fierce struggle is the desire by each side to control the delegation to the next National Convention. We think *Harper's Weekly* will agree with us that down in New Orleans, too, a little reforming, anticipatory of the operation of the new rules, would not come amiss.

It is certain that none of the carpet-bag governments at the South, not even the South Carolina Ring, is more corrupt and debased than that of Louisiana. Under it the taxes have risen from thirty-seven and a half cents on the \$100 in 1866, to two dollars in 1871, and it has raised the State debt from \$14,500 in 1868, to nearly \$49,000,000 in 1871. Before the war, a sixty days' session of the Legislature cost from \$100,000 to \$200,000; the regular and extra session of the Legislature cost \$750,000 in 1870, and the regular session alone of 1871 cost over \$900,000. The modes of stealing, too, adopted by these rascals bear the most striking resemblance to the operations of the New York Ring, from which they have doubtless been copied. We have before us the report on the accounts of the Legislature for 1871, made by order of the District Court in New Orleans, in proceedings instituted against the State Auditor. The Commissioner only got hold of the books with great difficulty, and he found enormous frauds of five kinds: alteration and erasure of warrants; forgery of names on warrants; issue of warrants by unauthorized persons, for purposes forbidden by law, or in payment of services not rendered. We cannot give illustrations of all this knavery, but we will cite one or two. The Legislature appropriated for the expenses of the General Assembly \$647,440 for 1871. Under this the Thieves forthwith issued warrants for \$888,128; and when enquiry is made, it is found that the books of the Warrant Clerk and of the Chairman of the Committee on Contingent Expenses have been lost! The Committee on Charitable Institutions stole \$7,420, by drawing "mileage" for tours of inspection which they never made. The Committee on Railroads stole \$13,356 in a similar manner. The Committee on Banks stole \$6,200 in the same way, and the Committee on Canals and Drainage followed their example.

We have never yet read the platform of a "Labor Reform" Convention without finding in it somewhere, wrapped up in the fustian of which these documents are usually composed, a little scheme for enabling people to get money without working for it. All else is apt to be mere verbiage or humanitarian platitudes. It is into this that the reformers put their whole minds. There was one of these conventions held at Bridgeport, Conn., the other day, which drew up one of the biggest platforms of the year; but we had not to run very far through it before we came on what the thimble-riggers call "the little joker," in the shape of a demand that the Government should issue a "national paper currency, which should be a full legal tender, based on the wealth of the nation and not on gold, and issued by the Government directly to the people at a low rate of interest." This idea frequently finds expression on these occasions, and it is due to the irritation caused in the minds of large numbers of persons by discovering that they cannot have capital without saving, and cannot borrow without satisfying the lenders that they are likely to repay. The "credit" which frugal and industrious persons of good character rapidly create for themselves, the reformers always regard as an "odious monopoly." Indeed, they are not very far from regarding a good character as an "unjust privilege." The difficulty which the honest, hard-working, and thrifty poor men frequently experience, at the outset of their careers, in borrowing money to be used in carrying on or extending their trades, the

Schultze-Delitzsch plan, which is attaining enormous proportions in Germany, meets exactly, and, while doing so, stimulates instead of weakening energy, and rewards instead of discouraging probity. Under that plan, a man has only to save a little from his wages regularly in order to join one of the co-operative banks, and then he has only to establish a character for integrity and punctuality to be able to borrow at low rates of interest.

Although the steady decline in prices in most articles of merchandise throughout 1871 has left the year's business unsatisfactory in its general results, the recent upward reaction in many leading staples causes a good feeling among the commercial classes, and the markets are generally buoyant. Cotton, under the influence of declining receipts and an excited speculation, has again advanced sharply, and our market is generally higher than that of England, our chief consumer. The exports are consequently light, and stocks are rapidly accumulating at our ports, to the great delight of warehousemen, who for the first time in some years see their stores well filled. The insurance companies are likewise reaping a temporary though dangerous harvest from this accumulation of combustibles. Breadstuffs are firm and advancing, also in a measure influenced by speculation. The deficiency in England's crop last year is shown by the increase in her imports of wheat, which were nearly a third larger in 1871 than in 1870. But of this increase the United States furnished only an insignificant portion, owing to our high prices, the chief increase coming from Russia, which sent to England alone nearly sixty per cent. more wheat in 1871 than in 1870—a striking illustration of the extraordinary fluctuations in the respective production of cereals in the same country in different years. Groceries continue to advance, but meats of every description have once more declined. Dry-goods are quiet; coal declining, with an ugly-looking strike in Wilkesbarre, which it is hoped may be adjusted before it spreads.

The money markets of the world are now presenting some extraordinary features. France has for the time being abandoned specie payments, and is flooding England and Germany with her useless coin. France has always had the largest metallic currency, estimated by her best statisticians at from 800 to 1,200 millions of dollars, or from three to five times as much as the United States held prior to the war. Of this enormous circulation, about 400 millions have disappeared from the channels of commerce, probably largely hoarded, but, at the lowest estimate, 100 millions have been exported to England and Germany, in payment of the Prussian war indemnity. The result is equal to more than doubling the total annual production of gold, and confining the use of that product to these two countries. As England and Germany together have not probably heretofore received more than one-fourth the total production, it is not unreasonable to assert that their usual receipts have, since the French war, been quadrupled. The effect is magical. Credit, which, according to the present ideas of commerce, is based not upon the wants of commerce, but on the casual or accidental abundance or scarcity of gold, has received an enormous impetus. The stolid Germans are more crazy with the speculative fever than ever were the mercurial Yankees. Banks, credit companies, and corporate enterprises of every description are springing up like mushrooms over-night. In England, railroads, mines, and manufacturing companies are the prevailing form of the mania; and before long we may expect to see both countries alike suffering the unexpected calamities inevitably to result from the blunder and folly of the indemnity proceeding. Strange to tell, while money in Germany and England goes a-begging at two and three per cent. per annum, we here are not able to derive any material relief from the abundance. All that Europe can lend us in the shape of money is gold coin, and for that we have no use. Our greenbacks have for the last three weeks been worth, on an average, certainly not less than twenty per cent. per annum, but of these Europe has no surplus supply to send us.

SOME REASONS WHY CIVIL-SERVICE REFORMERS ARE NOT ALL SATISFIED.

A NUMBER of friends of the Administration will have it that the course of those who are not satisfied with the President's relations to civil-service reform is captious and unreasonable. *Harper's Weekly*, which is the most respectable of the President's defenders—inasmuch as it is not capable of playing the part of a common "henchman," and standing by the Administration "right or wrong"—is even of opinion that those who twitted members of Congress with being in favor of civil-service reform in the abstract, but always opposed "to this particular measure," are now guilty of this same inconsistency themselves in refusing to be content with the President's recent action. As we believe we originated this joke against Congressmen ourselves, and made a good deal of use of it, we are, if anybody is, exposed to the reproach thrown out by the *Weekly*. We shall now, in self-justification, say one or two things which the *Weekly* has apparently, in the not unnatural interest it takes in the success of the new measure, overlooked in judging those observers who still complain. Nobody, let us say, who has made up his mind that General Grant's re-election is necessary to the salvation of the country can see this matter from all sides, and there is one important side which the *Weekly* has not seen.

General Grant went into office as a civil-service reformer. He tried the plan of making appointments for fitness solely, during his first year, and surrounded himself with excellent men. He found, however, that it did not work well. Politicians persuaded him that he was estranging the party, and that unless he fairly and frankly allowed "claims" to tell in the distribution of the higher places and in the general discharge of his duties, his Administration would prove a failure; and there was, in fact, a good deal of truth in what they said. We thought, and still think, that a President who did not care for re-election, and had enough fire in his composition to throw himself on the people for support, might have overwhelmed the politicians, frightened Congress into submission, and have had his way. General Grant had, however, to act according to his light and his temperament, and he succumbed. Cox, Hoar, Wells, and the like were speedily got rid of, and Cameron, Morton, Forney, and their like took their places around his chair, and a total change of policy was entered on. The worst abuses of the civil service were deliberately taken up, as instruments of government. To mention but a few illustrations—the Federal patronage was used openly and wholesale to influence the State election in Missouri. Mr. Grinnell, a respectable New York merchant, who was as much of a politician as was consistent with honesty and decency, was summarily dismissed from the New York Collectorship, and a mere politician of the lowest class—as close an approach, perhaps, to a Tammany politician as could be found in the Republican ranks—was put in his place, and, as this worthy confessed himself, for the express purpose of "running it" as a party machine. To oblige B. F. Butler, the Consul-General at Alexandria was filled, in the place of Mr. Charles Hale, with the curious animal whose public orgies have been described in the *Independent* by the Rev. Dr. Strang. The Government banking business abroad, which had for ninety years been transacted with probity and honor by the great house of Barings, was taken from them and given to rich New York politicians who had supplied money freely to "the party," on the pretence that it was desirable to have it in the hands of "Americans"—the fact being that the new firm was composed of a Swede and an Englishman.

Now all this was rather mortifying, especially to those who had indulged in as much enthusiasm over General Grant as we had. But still, it was possible to excuse it on the ground that no single man could overthrow the old system; that it was unfair to expect any single man to do it; that the President meant well, but could not resist the force of circumstances; and that we must prepare for a better state of things by working on the public mind, so as to force Congress into legislating for reform. So, after dropping a tear or two over the dimness which the cares and temptations of office had brought on General Grant's reputation, we turned ourselves to pub-

lic opinion. We hammered away at the abuses of the civil service, in season and out of season, and, finally, so much ability and energy was enlisted in the work that caucuses and conventions began to feel the pressure, and civil-service reform began to crop out in platforms and to be mentioned in campaign speeches, and at last Congress gave to the President an authorization to appoint a Commission to frame rules and regulations; and the Attorney-General gave his opinion—all lawyers of eminence, we believe, concurring—that the President could in his discretion carry these rules out without the aid of Congress. The Commission made its report, and it was an excellent one. It drafted rules, and they were very good. It left the power of removal untouched; and we thought it did right, because we believed that if this power were taken away, in the existing condition of the service and of political morality, great abuses were sure to present themselves, and high officials, and especially the enemies of the reform, would endeavor to break it down, by denying all responsibility for them. We are not aware that any other serious fault was found with the new regulations.

Now, at this point, what is the duty of all honest civil-service reformers? That is really the question of the hour. To this question there could be but one answer, if the President had shown by his general use of his discretionary power that he had the reform really at heart, and had it at heart more than all else, and would allow nothing to interfere with it, and had no personal ends to serve by slighting it: Support him with all our might, and bear patiently with his delays, mistakes, and shortcomings. The new measure being not a law, but the discretionary act of the chief executive officer, of course our estimate of its value must largely depend on his character and aims, as displayed in his conduct; and, indeed, an estimate of its value in which no count of these things is taken is utterly worthless. Our own fears that the work of reform would not be heartily carried on, and that, indeed, there might be only enough done to make "capital" out of it, but not enough to displease politicians, were excited by a number of circumstances, which were either contemporaneous with or subsequent to the organization of the Civil Service Commission. One was the pertinacity with which "Tom" Murphy was kept in control of the most important Government office. Murphy may be a spotless contractor; but his best friends will not deny that he is the very type of the scheming, managing, "rotating," "decapitating," jobbing, bellowing politician, who feels about civil-service reform very much as the devil feels about holy water. Another was the appointment, a month after Congress had authorized the Civil Service Commission, of Colonel Forney as collector at Philadelphia. We might find plenty of things in Colonel Forney's career as a politician to warrant us in characterizing this as, under the circumstances, an amazing appointment for a reformer to make; but we shall not refer to his career as a politician for the purposes of our argument. All we say, and all we need say, is that Mr. Forney has been from the very first, in his paper, the most outspoken reviler and ridiculer of the reform movement anywhere to be found. He has denounced it in the most unmeasured terms, both as a humbug and as a covert attack on American institutions; and, indeed, he has spoken, apropos of the Lincoln monument at Philadelphia, of Lincoln's not being a civil-service reformer, or exacting any qualifications except party fidelity for admission to the civil service, as one of his greatest claims on the gratitude and admiration of his countrymen.

Last, but not least, our distrust has been excited by finding that the President has been growing, within the last year and a half, out of the character of a possible candidate for re-election, through that of a probable candidate, into that of the only candidate to be thought of by any good Republican; and that the same men and newspapers who were most clamorous in their praises of his civil-service reform steps are also most clamorous against all interference with existing abuses in this and other custom-houses, and the most malignant in their vituperation of those who ask for enquiry. Now, his appearance in this way and under these circumstances as a full-blown candidate, suggested to our minds what

seems a natural and obvious reflection, and it was this: The two great sources of civil-service abuses are the desire of candidates to secure their re-election, and their obligation to those who have helped in it. If the President, to whose "discretion" we are now told to look for reform, be really a candidate, it is hardly likely that he will throw away the tools others in his situation have found so useful. If he does throw them away, it will be a crowning proof of his sincerity; if he does not, it may not prove that he is insincere, but it does prove that the time for vigilance and criticism has not gone by, and it seriously lessens the chance of the reform proving permanent—for nothing will ever sanctify it and give it a root in the popular heart and the political traditions of the country except the self-sacrifice of a president or a party in its behalf.

Now, on raising our eyes, with the history of the last two years in our mind, what do we see?—the President a candidate for re-election; a reform of the civil service going into operation, but certain to produce no sensible effect on the service for two or three years; the great seats of civil-service abuses, the custom-houses, in the hands of old political jobbers of the most degraded type; the minor custom-house officials scouring the country, while receiving the people's pay, helping to pack legislatures and conventions with partisans, without an attempt at repression or any sign of disapproval at Washington; the ablest and purest men of the Republican party savagely denounced by the Administration papers for asking for investigation; the reports of a damaging enquiry into custom-house abuses carefully cut down by Government organs, the bad parts left out, and the rest stuck away in small type in a remote corner of their columns, and all of it pooh-poohed; and, in fact, the whole of the wretched party machine grinding away for dear life in preparation for the nominating convention. Now, we may not be saying exactly the thing we ought to say; but we are right well assured that neither we nor any other honest paper ought, in the presence of these facts, to keep silent and smile. It is a time for vigilance, and not for applause; a time to question, and not to rest and be thankful.

To this long array of suspicious circumstances the President's friends have nothing to offer by way of reply but reports of conversations with him, at which he said he meant well. We need hardly explain to our readers how impolitic it would be, even if it were not absurd, to permit any officer to escape in this fashion the operation of such inferences from his conduct as one's experience of human nature and of the course of human affairs would justify. We stand ready to note carefully and report fully all improvements in the civil service which the new code may effect; but as long as beside it abuses of the worst kind are being perpetrated, and perpetrated apparently in the personal interest of the President, we shall not be restrained by any consideration of the incivility or hardheartedness of doubting him from saying our say about them. Nor shall we, as far as our small influence goes, help to encourage the practice, so much loved by politicians, of taking men's own account of the state of their hearts, either as a substitute for good deeds or a palliative of bad ones. To that well-known old argument—"He has made mistakes, as who has not?" there is always the conclusive reply: "Let him stop his mistakes, then. A mistake repeated is no longer a mistake, but an offence."

THE USE OF FISK.

THERE remains very little to be said about Fisk's career which has not been said already in the way of doctrine or reproof. The very most has been made out of him as a warning and example. All are agreed that he was a most abominable and disheartening product of commercial civilization. He lied, and cheated, and stole, and was lewd, and gloried in his vices, and loved to parade them, and, in spite of all, he was an eminently successful man. He got everything in life that he set his heart upon. He loved luxury, and lived like a prince. He was licentious, and kept a harem with even less concealment than the Sultan. He loved power, and he had

perhaps as much as it is possible for any man to have in a community like ours. He heard much talk of honesty, but perhaps rarely encountered it. He found little or no difficulty, in the course of his career, in getting the service or co-operation of any man of whose service or co-operation he had need. During the last two or three years, too, he was evidently rising in popular estimation. He commanded a regiment of volunteers, one thousand strong, and was swelling the number of his retainers every day by his "goodness of heart." If he could have lost his riches, and died in want, it would have been well. But there was great danger that, had he lived twenty years longer, the errors of his "hot youth" would have been forgotten, and we should have seen him quietly received into the rank of respectable "operators" and politicians, and, perhaps, finally rewarded for a large contribution to a campaign fund with a foreign mission. Things nearly as strange as this have been witnessed among us. Rascals as great as Fisk, though less notorious and brilliant, have outlived their infamy, and occupied, under the eyes of their own generation, positions which, we tell our Sunday-school children and our newsboys, the Lord reserves for the honest, industrious, and thrifty. The Sunday-school children and the newsboys are apt to find us out by degrees; but let us be thankful that Fisk has been removed before his honored old age aided them in their investigations into our pious little frauds. He was too conspicuous a scoundrel to be covered up or explained away.

We are not going to add anything, therefore, to the mass of moral reflections which his assassination has called forth. We do not believe anything more is needed to deepen the pain and humiliation with which all decent men and women among us think of him and of his works and ways. Most of them, too, we have no doubt, he has filled with much useful anxiety about the condition of our commercial morals, and about the necessity for greater care in the education of children, greater scrupulousness in the manner of doing business, and greater fastidiousness about the company we keep. What we should, however, like to impress on the public, and not the public of this State only, but of all the States, is that the one practical consideration suggested by Fisk's career is the danger of a corrupt judiciary. People as eager for money, and as unscrupulous about the means of getting it, will always show themselves in commercial communities, as long as human nature remains unchanged, and we would remind our Sentimentalist friends that an early change in human nature is not likely. Various systems of philosophy, and, finally, the Christian religion, have been trying to bring about such a change for three thousand years, and with but a very moderate degree of success. Fisk's heart, carefully examined, would not have been found very unlike the heart of Sardanapalus or Caligula. The disappearance of Fisks from the earth may yet be achieved, but it will be in the remote future, although there is no doubt that every man who is taking heed to his own ways, and to the ways of his children, is hastening that most desirable consummation.

In the meantime, however, the main and pressing business of society is to take care that, when Fisks appear, they do not succeed in getting what they strive for. Fisk, as a ruined broker in Wall Street, with a silver watch as his sole possession, was just as noxious a beast as Fisk, the colonel, and admiral, and opera manager, and railroad proprietor, but he need not have been dangerous. There are hundreds like him, as far as cupidity and want of principle go, and possibly even ability, in Wall Street now, thirsting for the good things which he enjoyed, and there will always be hundreds. We can never prevent that. What we can do is to put insurmountable obstacles between them and their prey in the shape of honest courts. We prepared the way for Fisk and Gould, and all their tribe, when we, under the guidance of the Sentimentalists, made judges elective for short terms, and still more when, knowing the bench had been corrupt, we made no attempt to purify it. We are, therefore, as much responsible for his crimes as a general who gave his sentinels permission to sleep at their posts would be for the surprise of his army. He and Gould could not have got possession of the Erie Railroad, or, having got it, could not have

kept it, if they had not found judges ready to aid them. There is not a single stage in the Erie swindle, except the passage of the Classification Act, in which judicial connivance was not necessary; and without the Erie swindle Fisk would have been a nameless and unhonored rogue. Its success gave him his wealth, and produced or supported his other scandalous enterprises. His fleet of steamboats, and his opera, and his express company, were none of them profitable in themselves; they were all supported by the profits of the Erie road. Moreover, there is no doubt that the success and expansion of the municipal Ring, until it overshadowed the State and began to threaten the nation, were in a very large degree the result of Erie co-operation. To produce the amount of popular indignation and effort necessary to overthrow the Ring, we had to submit to the theft of \$50,000,000, and to witness the city handed over, bound hand and foot by a venal Legislature, to a little clique of men whom very few decent citizens would have allowed to enter their houses, and whom everybody believed to be dishonest. Now, we do not think we exaggerate when we say that from all this loss, and shame, and disgrace an upright and independent judiciary might have saved us. Had Fisk in his first bold attempt at robbery been met with the hand of an incorruptible judge, not only would his depredations have been stayed, but the courage would have been taken out of him. Nothing, we may be sure, did more to inflame his imagination than his discovery that, in planning any raid or speculation, he could set down judicial decisions among the purchasable things as much as stock, or carriages, or hotel accommodation.

We hear a great deal every day about the wrongs the working-man suffers from the capitalists, about the rapacity of speculators and monopolists and great corporations. There is much truth in it; but when we come to enquire what is going to be done about it, we find that the grumblers generally propose to pass some law or other—they are never very clear what—and leave it to Providence to execute it; for your labor reformer is almost invariably the enemy of honest human tribunals. He hates the "legal mind," and would fain extirpate it; so that it is almost impossible to convince him that laws are not worth the paper on which they are written, unless you can get upright men to put them in force. The satisfaction of getting a favorite theory embodied in a statute is to him so great, that his mind does not care to descend to such details as the method of securing obedience to it, so that he contemplates the spectacle of timid, servile, corrupt judges with perfect equanimity. Nevertheless, it is literally true that the very first step in "labor reform," as in all reforms, should be a vigorous effort, in all parts of the country, to restore the judiciary to the position of independence, dignity, and security it once occupied. There cannot be too much money paid to secure this end, and the more the power of great capitalists increases, the more necessary it becomes. A cheap judge is about as dangerous an article as a cheap gun: you can rely on a cheap gun's going off, but you can never tell at which end; and you may rely on a cheap judge's deciding cases, but whether the rogues or honest men will profit by his decisions nobody knows. We might, if we had space, fortify our argument by reference to the great loosening of the bonds of habit and tradition which we are witnessing in all parts of the country—the declining influence of the church; the growing love of aleatory modes of getting a livelihood, the dislike of steady, meritorious industry—as additional reasons for strengthening the institution through which society at large applies its morality to the relations of its members in daily life. Out of the moral confusion which we are witnessing, we have no doubt a better state of things will arise. We shall yet see a general consensus, or a near approach to it, about the foundations of society and government, but there can be no more valuable aid in crossing the troubled sea called the "transition period" than a pure judiciary. We do not need to be told, as we probably shall be, that, as men go, an absolutely pure judiciary is not to be looked for, just as we are told that no civil-service reform will make all Government officers honest. We know

all this very well, brethren. We are as much depressed as you by the scarcity of perfectly holy men; all we ask is that you do not give way to despair, but go on trying to find them, and get them to take office; and in the meantime, knowing the weakness of human nature, that you remove from the path of such unworthy instruments as you employ all removable temptations.

Correspondence.

CRAIK'S SHAKESPEARE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The remarks in your paper of January 4 upon my edition of Prof. Craik's "English of Shakespeare" were apparently written without reading the book or comparing it with the English edition. When a critic indulges in that way of reviewing, he ought to be discreetly vague in his praise or blame. If he makes specific charges against his victim—of meanness or dishonesty, for instance—he should at least see that he has some grounds for the accusation.

After commending Prof. Craik's way of numbering the speeches of the play, you assert that I have adopted a substitute, which is "a poor thing, though his [my] own." It may be a poor thing, but it is none of mine. It is no modification of Prof. C.'s method, but an *exact reprint* of what I found in his book, as any one will see who will take the trouble to compare the two. In his third edition, on which mine is based, he "numbers the speeches from the beginning to the end of the play, but puts a number against those only to which the notes in the 'philological commentary,' which follow the play, refer." For purposes of reference, this is an improvement on his *first* edition, in which he numbers only every *fifth* speech—the 5th, 10th, 15th, etc. I cannot at this moment refer to the *second* edition, but, if I remember right, the system of numbering is the same as in the third edition.

In editing the book, I wished to avoid making it larger, and therefore omitted what I thought could be spared as well as not. From the preface I struck out several pages, including the reference to the author's system of numbering the speeches. The latter I should certainly have retained, if it had occurred to me that anybody would suppose the method to be mine. But no one who reads as far as the end of the "Prolegomena" (p. 58) will be in danger of making that mistake, for there he will find a note, which states that the numbering is Prof. Craik's, and that his accidental misstatement of an error in his figures had led me astray in an attempt to correct the error.

You will see, then, that I neither modified Prof. C.'s method of numbering, nor deprived him of a credit which is his due.

I may add that I have not adopted Prof. C.'s numbering in my editions of "The Merchant of Venice" and "The Tempest," recently published by the Harpers, nor in the "Henry VIII." and "Julius Cæsar" of the same series, now in press. If the *speeches* are to be numbered, Mr. Ellis's plan of numbering each scene separately appears to be the better one. Prof. C.'s is of no use to those who have not the numbered edition, while Mr. Ellis's will be of more or less service to all Shakesperian students. "Julius Cæsar, 721," or "J. C., v. 3, 721," is an example of the one; "J. C., v. 3, 7," of the other. The former does not help us unless we have Prof. C.'s edition; the latter directs us at once to the *seventh* speech in the scene, which is readily found in any edition. In the case of very long scenes, the number of the speech (5, 78, or 142, for example) would at least suffice to show whether the passage is near the beginning, middle, or end of the scene; and that, in the majority of cases, would be all the help one would need for finding it.

In the "Globe" edition, the *lines* in each scene are numbered, and the references in Abbott's "Shakesperian Grammar," in Clark and Wright's "Select Plays" (Clarendon Press edition), in the privately printed "Notes on 'The Tempest,'" by the Shakespeare Society of Philadelphia, and a few other books, are added to that edition. The chief objection to the general adoption of this device is that the number of lines in the *prose* portions of the plays will vary with the size of page, the type, etc., in different editions.

On the whole, Mr. Ellis's plan is the best that has yet been suggested, and numbering the *lines* may be placed next. Prof. Craik's way is the worst of the three; and I am not surprised that, in the fifteen years that have elapsed since he proposed it and filled three whole pages of the preface to his "English of Shakespeare" with its praises, no editor has been led to adopt it. So far as I am aware, it has not been commended by any critic or reviewer except the one in the *Nation*, who considers it a "most useful device."

in the English edition of a book, but "a poor thing" when reproduced without alteration in the American reprint of that book.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Jan. 6, 1871.

W. J. ROLFE.

[Had our critic been able to procure the third edition of Craik instead of the first, he would not have been guilty of the error into which he has certainly fallen, and for which we are heartily sorry.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

A LITERARY announcement made by Mr. J. W. Bouton will, we are sure, give great pleasure to some of our readers. He has almost ready for publication "Gesta Romanorum; or, Entertaining Moral Stories. Translated from the Latin with Preliminary Observations and Copious Notes by the Rev. Charles Swan, late of Catharine Hall, Cambridge. A new edition, with an Introduction by Thomas Wright. In two vols." Mr. Wright's introduction has been written expressly for Mr. Bouton's edition, and the book is beautifully printed on handsome paper. We are sorry that Mr. Bouton has thought it best to print only a small edition, for it is a book that must please a great many people—it well deserves its fame—and it has hitherto been difficult to get. Many years ago, Mr. Putnam of this city published a selection from the "Gesta Romanorum" in that admirable series, "The Library of Choice Reading"; but the books of this series have been some years out of print, and, so far as we know, there is no other edition of the "Gesta Romanorum" in the market. We may refer in passing to Mr. Bouton's quaint and attractive business card, which the venerable George Cruikshank designed and etched for him during Mr. Bouton's recent visit to England. It represents an old book-worm seated at a table poring with delight over a huge and ancient tome. On a parchment scroll hanging over the table is written: "Designed and etched by George Cruikshank in September, 1871, who was born on the 27th September, 1792."

—A correspondent asks us to lend our influence in favor of a "national notice" of Mr. Samuel A. Goddard, of Birmingham, England, "the persistent writer of some well-known letters during the slaveholders' rebellion, and vigorously kept up, without flagging, under peculiar difficulties, from the commencement to the end." We have already done what we could to make Mr. Goddard's services known in connection with the published collection of his "Letters on the American Rebellion"; and we improve the opportunity to say again that they are highly creditable to Mr. Goddard's sympathies and to his familiarity with the subjects discussed, and that we hope the few copies yet remaining unsold in the hands of Messrs. Noyes, Holmes & Co., Boston, may soon find purchasers and a place in public or private libraries. But the number of persons abroad who defended the American cause with all the resources at their command is too great, we fear, to admit of singling out one for "national notice," and one, too, whose relations to America were such as to make his defence of her both natural and obligatory. We say this not to detract from Mr. Goddard's merit, but to show the impracticability of our correspondent's suggestion.

—"Almost all other things in this world have been done one or more times; but surely the disbursement of over three millions of dollars among seventy-five thousand persons so as to give universal satisfaction, is a problem upon which experience throws but little light." All the light that can be thrown upon it, however, is reflected in the pamphlet from which we quote these words, the "First Special Report of the Chicago Relief and Aid Society." It is a singularly clear and interesting account of the efficient labors of this organization (which was incorporated in 1857 and was merely enlarged to meet the exigencies of the fire), and conveys a lesson in charitable management none the less valuable because operations on so vast a scale are, happily, seldom called for. One cannot help feeling, who reads this report, that the labors in behalf of the Sanitary Commission for which Chicago was distinguished, bore their fruit in this more terrible crisis, and that thus the calamity of war proved an invaluable preparation for the calamities of peaceful times. Perhaps no one item of the statistics here presented by the Relief Society is more striking than the number of isolated houses put up under its auspices in the interval from October 15 to November 18, on the plan already described in these columns by Mr. Olmsted. Most of these temporary structures were an outright gift; but on not a few an obligation was willingly given to refund part of the money within a year. All furnished, such a house cost \$125, and 5,497 had been erected or were in process of completion, at a saving of rental to the occupants estimated at 60 per cent. of the cost of the mere building, in six months. The week's rations for a family of five (two adults and three children) have been brought down

to the low figure of \$1 98. The pay-rolls of the Society for the week ending November 18 amounted to \$9,758 98—which would have been much greater but for the gratuitous service of the principal officers. The white and colored American families needing succor have numbered 1,965, out of a total of 18,478, divided among twenty nationalities, of which the three most numerous represented were as follows: German, 7,280; Irish, 5,512; Scandinavian, 2,104. Our space will not permit a more extended notice of this very suggestive report, which is infinitely creditable to the Society and the city of Chicago. We recommend it to all who would have some idea of the magnitude of the task which has been so courageously and successfully undertaken, and especially to those who may think that the need of contributions has passed. More than half a million dollars additional will be required to carry through the sufferers till the 1st of April.

—Some correspondence which has just been made public between the leading botanists of the country and the present head of the Department of Agriculture, will convince most people who are capable of judging, that the civil-service regulations, to be complete, will have to provide some examination for Commissioners. It appears from the *American Naturalist* for January, that a few months ago the late botanist of the Department, Dr. C. C. Parry, having been a good deal badgered by the new chief, made a simple request to be informed in writing how he should sign his answers to official communications addressed to him on botanical subjects—whether with his own name as botanist, or in the name of the Commissioner; and was abruptly notified by the latter that his services would be no longer required. Professors Torrey, Gray, Brewer, and Eaton having in a joint communication expressed their high opinion of Dr. Parry's character and scientific ability, "as well as of his peculiar qualifications for the position," and requested a reconsideration of his dismissal, Judge Watts replied that he could not in self-respect restore Dr. Parry, and would rather not assign reasons for his action, or say anything that "might disparage him [Dr. Parry] in the estimation of his friends." On behalf of these friends, however, Dr. Asa Gray insisted on having the Commissioner's reasons, all the more on account of the intimation, in his letter, of some moral delinquency on Dr. Parry's part; and asked leave to print the correspondence if it was to end there. Thus challenged, Judge Watts made a clean breast of it, from which it appeared that he was plainly jealous of his subordinate, and wished every function of the Department to be absorbed in himself. He charged Dr. Parry with the enormous offence of sending sealed letters away, without submitting them to him either for revision or signature—letters, in the elegant English of the Commissioner, "which I deemed objectionable because of his mode of expression, wanting in perspicuity and not creditable to the Department." His only other ground of complaint not growing out of the first is contained in the following choice excerpt:

"This Department is designed to render the developments and deductions of science directly available to practice, that farmers and horticulturists may be benefited by them. The principles of vegetable physiology, their relations to climate, soils, and the food of plants, and the diseases of plants, which are principally of fungoid origin, it is clearly the duty of a botanist to investigate. If possible, he should throw some light upon the origin and condition of growth of the lower orders of cryptogamic botany. This is a domain into which I could not discover that Dr. Parry had ever entered, so far as his practical work here gave any indication. The routine operations of a mere herbarium botanist are practically unimportant."

—This sheds a fine light on the Commissioner's fitness for his place. Dr. Gray, in closing the correspondence, has the cruelty to remark that a "mode of expression wanting in perspicuity" is "a fault into which more practised writers may sometimes fall," and tells the Commissioner that he has solved for Dr. Parry's friends "the alternative of supposing either bad conduct on the part of one hitherto highly esteemed, or of very hard usage towards him." That the public, in judging of the hard usage, may also have a still further test of the Commissioner's capacity, there is appended to the printed correspondence some extracts from reports of the Board of Trustees of the Agricultural College of Pennsylvania, made by the Hon. Frederick Watts, 1865, 1868, as examples of "perspicuity," etc. It was not necessary for that to go back of the Commissioner's late report to Congress, one of the most fearfully and wonderfully written documents ever submitted to that body; but this extract would perhaps be hard to beat:

"These farms will all differ essentially in the character of soil and situation, and will be conducted under the eye of a skilful Professor of Agriculture, for the purpose of testing and developing the thousand mysteries which now cloud the knowledge of the farmer. These experiments, carried on under the direction of a scientific observer, who will constantly keep note of the weather, the signs of the Zodiac, the application of manures, and all the various actual and supposed influences which affect the growth of plants, and this, too, at three different points of the State, and upon different soils, cannot fail to produce an amount of information exceedingly valuable, and which could never be collected by individual exertion."

—As it is clear that the abuse of the majority rule, and the facilities which it offers of being abused, are at the root of the evil personified in Tweed & Co., it is fitting that the revolution against the Ring should be followed by an experiment of some one of the numerous schemes of proportional representation now actually in practice or proposed by speculative writers on constitutional reform. The Committee of Seventy's advice that the new charter should provide for the cumulative vote is, therefore, a step in the right direction; but it may be doubted whether the choice of systems is the best one. We hope that the Legislature, and all persons who are interested in the right solution of the "great-city problem," will carefully examine an admirable paper on Proportional Representation, covering the whole ground, in the January number of the *American Law Review*, just issued. The writer justly remarks that "the discussion has gone about as far as it can profitably go without actual trial"—meaning, of course, in this country, where the trial can be made on a larger scale and with more decisive results than anywhere else. Evidently partial to the Hare system for universal application, he finds no difficulty in proving its theoretical superiority to any other scheme, and its practical superiority in non-partisan elections, such as those which take place within societies, stock companies, and other corporate bodies. But he inclines perhaps to the Swiss "Free List," which differs least from the Hare system, and which, if an ingenious suggestion of his were carried out, would differ still less, as most to be recommended to reformers who are bent on trying something. The Free List, or Free Ticket, is, as the writer points out, relieved of the suspicion of hocus-pocus with which the popular imagination would naturally invest the Hare system, on account not so much of the complexity of its mode of sorting and counting votes, as of the difficulty of making it perspicuous to those who do not actually take part in it. And in fact, a constituency accustomed to the Free List, and subsequently invited to adopt the Hare system, would find the gradation easy and almost imperceptible.

—The article in the *Law Review* has the merit of order and lucidity in a high degree, taking the reader from the simpler to the more elaborate forms of representation by stages which successively clear the way for a perfect understanding of the whole matter. As it also gives a chronological list of works relating to the subject, it has a double value, historically and for purposes of reference, and, indeed, furnishes a complete guide to the student who seriously wishes to inform himself. In general, treatises of this sort are to be regarded as rather solid reading, and we do not say that this one can be digested rapidly without previous preparation of any sort; but it is enlivened by a note on the "gerrymandering" of electoral districts, which, besides giving an account of the origin of this immortal Americanism, illustrates it with a reduced fac-simile of the gerrymander itself, not often seen nowadays. In like manner an engraved illustration is given of still more remarkable gerrymandering by which the Second Empire was enabled to keep up a show of popular support and retain its majority in the Corps Législatif. We presume it is betraying no confidence to say that the author of the article is Prof. William R. Ware, of Boston, well known for his connection with the Harvard College experiment of the Hare system.

—We find pleasure in remembering that the first mention, recommending its purchase in America, of the collection of "Hebraica" and "Judaica," which formerly belonged to Mr. Frederic Muller, bookseller, at Amsterdam, and is to-day opened to the public of this city as the Temple Emanu-El Library, was made, by Dr. Felsenthal, of Chicago, in the columns of the *Nation* (No. 298). That valuable collection well deserves its new title, though comprising but little more than three thousand volumes, and in more than one of its divisions presenting but outlines still to be developed into full departments by the zeal of the American purchasers. The divisions now introduced are the following: A, Bibles and parts of the Bible; B, exegetical and homiletical works; C, Midrash; D, Talmud; E, works on the Talmud; F, Halakha; G, casuistical writings; H, philosophy, theology, ethics; J, Cabala; K, liturgical books; L, belles-lettres; M, grammar, Masora, rhetoric; N, dictionaries; O, periodicals; P, history, biography, bibliography, geography; Q, archaeology, criticism; R, anti-Jewish writings; S, miscellaneous writings; T, dissertations. Divisions A, B, D, E, F, G, H, K, M, Q, and T are the fullest. Many of the divisions are subdivided into Semitic and non-Semitic parts, a considerable portion of the library consisting of works in Latin, German, Dutch, Spanish, French, Portuguese, Italian, and Greek.

—The editions most frequently met with in this, as in almost every other Hebrew library, are those of Venice and Amsterdam, besides which Italy is conspicuous through the publications of Mantua, Soncino, Ferrara, Naples, Parma, Rome, Sabionetta, Bologna, Pesaro, Fano, and Leghorn; and the Netherlands through Utrecht, Leyden, the Hague, Groningen, Franeker, Dort, and Rotterdam. Next come the German publications of

Fürth, Augsburg, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Leipsic, Berlin, Göttingen, Dyhernfurt, Rödelsheim, Frankfort-on-the-Oder, Vienna, Prague, Altdorf, Cologne, etc. Warsaw, Wilna, Lemberg, and the other Polish towns are less fully represented. Pressburg appears more frequently than either Pesth or Buda. The Hebrew issues of Basel vie in number and value with those of Paris, London, and Oxford. Portugal is better represented than Spain. The prints of Constantinople and Saloniki are very old, but poor. Smyrna and Jerusalem are the only representatives of Asia. Among the oldest prints of the library, some of which are quite remarkable productions of the first half-century after the invention of the printing art, we find those of Pieve di Sacco (1475); Mantua (1480, 1484, etc.); Soncino (1484, 1485, 1488, 1490, etc.); Ijar, in Spain (1485); Casal Maggiore (1486); Naples (1488, 1489, 1490, 1491, etc.); Brescia (1491); Constantinople (1505, 1506, etc.); Fano (1506); Pesaro (1508); and of some unknown Italian presses. The manuscripts of the library are chiefly remarkable as curious specimens of mediæval and modern Hebrew writing.

—A year or two ago the *Fortnightly Review* contained a valuable series of articles by Frederic Seebohm upon the "Land Question." They deserved and received great attention and commendation. It may not, however, be too late to point out one or two flaws in the argument, arising from an inadequate acquaintance with the authorities. The author undertook to determine from the statistics of Domesday Book the portion of the population from which the freeholders and copyholders were afterwards derived; and at first sight his argument is very plausible, and almost convincing. It rests, however, upon two fallacies, which a very cursory examination of the documents is enough to expose. In the first place, he arrives at the number of manors in England by adding together the tenants-in-chief and the mesne tenants in Sir Henry Ellis's analysis—making about 10,000 in all. Now it will readily appear that the number of tenants will afford hardly any clue, for almost all of them held more than one manor. For example, in Tollentrew Hundred, Kent, there were four manors held by three mesne tenants: in Aithorde Hundred there were 25 manors, held by 10 tenants, having from one to seven manors apiece. In all Norfolk there were 1,392 manors, but only 498 tenants of both classes. It would seem likely, therefore, that his number of manors, 10,000, can be hardly more than half the true number. Having thus obtained the number of manors, he proceeds to use it as a divisor, with the several classes of the population, and obtains by this process an average population of the manor, which one might accept as a very probable one if the mode of calculation were correct. But here comes in another error. There are in "Domesday Book" about 13,000 *liberi homines* and 23,000 *sochemanni*. Dividing these 36,000 by 10,000 we have 3 or 4, the average number of freeholders (socagers) for a manor. Next come 82,000 *bordarii* and 108,000 *villani*, from which numbers he gets an average number of 15 or 20, the class that afterwards were villeins, and became copyholders and laborers. Unfortunately for his theory, the *freemen* and *soemen* were, with insignificant exceptions, wholly in the north and east of England, so that no provision is made for the socage tenants in the south and west. We will not undertake here to propose a better theory than Mr. Seebohm's: it is enough, for the present, to show that his will not stand.

—The opportunities for the higher education of women in this country are now increased by the opening of the University of Vermont to students of both sexes, and it cannot be long before one or more of the Massachusetts colleges will follow this example. It may already be said, therefore, that all women who desire a liberal education can have it by paying for it, as men pay for it, though they have not as yet the same choice of colleges in which to get it. We observe that the catalogue of the University of Michigan for 1871-72 contains the names of sixty-five ladies, regularly enrolled and acknowledged members, of whom twenty-five are counted in the department of science, literature, and art—one of these being a candidate for the degree of B.A. with the present senior class.

—Bolivia, with its population of two and a half millions, is now the objective point of three railroad enterprises in which American engineers or capitalists take a leading part. There is, first, the line which Peru is building, under a contract with Mr. Harry Meiggs, from the port of Islay to Lake Titicaca, a distance of 125 miles in a direct line, but requiring 327 miles of rail; of this, 117 miles are now working to Arequipa. The second enterprise is Brazilian, and has in view the carriage of freight by water and rail from Pará to Vinchuta, on a tributary of the Madeira, a distance of 3,200 miles. To overcome rapids and falls in both these rivers, a railroad is projected 170 miles long, and Mr. George E. Church, the engineer, has been seeking support for it in England. The third scheme, however, seems to promise more useful results than either of the others, and has been laid before the Argentine Congress in a petition from our countryman Mr. Edward A. Hopkins, who has been for a quarter of a century closely identified with the material development of the Plate River region. This petition, originally

published as a pamphlet ("Memorial sobre el mejor modo de abrir relaciones comerciales entre la República Argentina y la de Bolivia") has been translated into English and printed in successive issues of the *Weekly Standard* of Buenos Ayres (Aug. 30 to Oct. 11, 1871). Mr. Hopkins's plan and arguments for his chosen route appear quite reasonable, and, indeed, a glance at the map will satisfy any one that the natural outlet for the commerce of Bolivia is the Plate, and neither the Amazon nor a pass across the Andes. There is a gravity course to trade as surely as to water, and Europe counts in the scale on the side of the Plate. From Sucre and Potosi, by this route, to Cape St. Roque is no further than from Vinchuta to the same point; and, owing to prevailing winds and currents, says Mr. Hopkins, "a vessel can go from the river Plate to Europe as soon as from the mouth of the Amazon, and nearly as soon to the United States." He contemplates a road through the Chaco, in the valley of the Pilcomayo, for so much of its lower course (235 geographical miles) as it is unnavigable, starting from the present Villa Occidental, on the river Paraguay, and ending at the Puerto Magarinos; the road to be narrow-gauge, and built, perhaps, of rails made of the indestructible wood of the country. Its completion would bring the silver mines of Potosi within four days of Buenos Ayres.

—A duller or more barren period of book-making than the present we have seldom experienced. It is not simply the reaction from the holiday activity, but is part of the long-continued stagnation which this activity hardly concealed for the moment. The absolutely new works are few, and the good ones fewer still. English publications of any worth have mostly been mentioned by us, and we believe the following are all that need to be added to our lists for the past year: The third volume of Lord Brougham's Autobiography; the first volume of Forster's Life of Dickens; "Voltaire," by John Morley—in biography. Among books of travel: "Chiploquogan; or, Life by the Camp Fire in the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland," by R. L. Dashwood; W. H. G. Kingston's "On the Banks of the Amazon," a boy's journal of adventure; "An Australian Parsonage; or, The Settler and the Savage in Western Australia," by Mrs. Edward Millett; "Letters from India," by Hon. Emily Eden; "At Home with the Patagonians," by C. G. Masters. To these we may add: Jonathan Couch's "History of Polperro: a Fishing Tour on the South Coast of Cornwall," and Thomas Bate-man's "Ten Years' Diggings in Celtic and Saxon Grave Hills in Derby, etc." "Hungarian Celebrities," by Captain W. J. Wyatt, relates to the most recent phase of Hungary's connection with Austria; "Two Years in the Pontifical Zouaves," by J. Powell, is, we believe, not quite what it purports to be, though not devoid of interest. A first-rate work is Rev. W. W. Skeat's edition, with an essay on the Rowley Poems, of the Poetical Works of Thomas Chatterton; and Robert Cowtan's "Memories of the British Museum" is also a work of merit. Finally, we may note these two among Parliamentary blue-books: "East India. Papers relative to Forest Conservancy in India; showing the measures which have been adopted and the operations which are going on—with maps"; and the "Forty-ninth Annual Report of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests."

—Dr. Latham's studies would seem to have been particularly directed of late to "Hamlet." "At a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Literature (Nov. 22, 1871)," we quote from the *Athenæum*, "he read a paper on a German play called 'Der bestrafte Brudermord' which was acted at Dresden as early as 1627, and stated that there was also an English play on the subject of Hamlet at least as early as 1589. The German drama has usually passed for a translation of 'Hamlet,' though a mutilated and vulgarized one. Dr. Latham considered this judgment mistaken, and that the German play really represents the Shakespearian play in its rudiments rather than its fragments. It is probably a translation of the English play of 1589, the text of which is now lost. He further stated that scene for scene, and sometimes dialogue for dialogue, the two plays in many cases coincide, and that many of the incidents and events, even to their more minute details, coincide likewise. Nevertheless, the nature of their exhibition is wholly different. In the German version there is no imagery, no trace or germ of poetry, and it offers nothing but a mere skeleton situation. In its external form we find: 1st, a metrical prologue in which Night and the Three Furies act in chorus; 2d, a different list of *dramatis personæ*; 3d, a subdivision of scenes which points to an older stage of the drama. Dr. Latham also thought that an allusion to Portugal which fitted the year 1589, and two classical allusions, were not likely to have been made by Shakespeare."

—The *Contemporary Review*—which, by the way, will hereafter bear for the American market the imprint of J. B. Lippincott & Co.—has during the last few weeks invited the public to an amusing farce in which Mr. Strahan, the publisher of the *Review*, and Mr. Robert Buchanan, the Scottish poet, are the actors. In the number for October there appeared an article "On the Fleshly School of Poetry," written in the good old-fashioned "savage"

style, recalling the *Quarterly* in its worst days. The reviewer's wrath was directed generally against the new men, Morris, Swinburne, Rossetti, Robert Lytton, Matthew Arnold, and, though he is hardly a "new" man, "Festus" Bailey. Buchanan is also mentioned, but slightly, and, as is evident, merely to avoid suspicion. All these writers are stigmatized as followers and imitators of Tennyson, but as followers and imitators of what is weak and sensual in him, "Maud" and "Vivien" being the particular poems that have set all this prurient young blood afire. Having mercilessly slaughtered all the brood in general terms, the reviewer selects one in particular to be drawn and quartered, and that one is Mr. Dante G. Rossetti, to whom the bulk of the article is devoted, and of whom, when "Thomas Maitland," the signer and presumed writer of the article in question, has wiped his sword and put it back in its scabbard, there would appear to have been very little left. A paragraph appeared in the *Athenæum* for Dec. 2, stating that it was understood that Mr. Sidney Colvin (a well-known contributor to the *Academy* and to Mr. Hamerton's *Portfolio*) "was preparing an answer in the pages of the *Contemporary Review* to an article which had appeared in that *Review* signed Thomas Maitland, a *nom de plume* assumed by Mr. Robert Buchanan." Next week out comes Mr. Sidney Colvin with a scornful denial of any intention to do so futile and unnecessary a thing as to "answer" Mr. Buchanan's masked attack upon his brother poets. And now, the actors in the farce having all taken their places, we have the play played out in the *Athenæum* for Dec. 16. First, there is a long article by Mr. D. G. Rossetti, in which he defends himself against the sly critic of the *Contemporary Review*, and his defence is very moderate and gentlemanly. Directly following it, the *Athenæum* prints the following note from Messrs. Strahan & Co.:

"56 Ludgate Hill, December 6, 1871.

"In your last issue, you associate the name of Mr. Robert Buchanan with the article, 'The Fleshly School of Poetry,' by Thomas Maitland, in a recent number of the *Contemporary Review*. You might, with equal propriety, associate with the article the name of Mr. Robert Browning, or of Mr. Robert Lytton, or of any other Robert.

STRAHAN & Co."

Under this disclaimer the *Athenæum* has the barbarity to print the following note from Mr. Robert Buchanan:

"Russell Square, W., December 12, 1871.

"I cannot reply to the insolence of Mr. Sidney Colvin, whoever he is. My business is to answer the charge implied in the paragraph you published ten days ago, accusing me of having criticised Mr. D. G. Rossetti under a *nom de plume*. I certainly wrote the article on 'The Fleshly School of Poetry,' but I had nothing to do with the signature. Mr. Strahan, publisher of the *Contemporary Review*, can corroborate me thus far, as he is best aware of the inadvertence which led to the suppression of my own name. Permit me to say further that, although I should have preferred not to resuscitate so slight a thing, I have now requested Mr. Strahan to republish the criticism, with many additions, but no material alterations, and with my name in the title-page. The grave responsibility of not agreeing with Mr. Rossetti's friends as to the merits of his poetry will thus be transferred, with all fitting publicity, to my shoulders.

ROBERT BUCHANAN."

—The paltry figure cut by M. Thiers's government in its treatment of the press, which has differed in almost no respect from that of the Second Empire, may properly be left to Frenchmen to rebuke, as else the retort would be effectual that France had all the liberty she wanted. Camille Desmoulins, whom one fancies too honest and humane to have edited the *Lanterne* of his successor Rochefort, or to have regarded the Commune with anything but loathing and horror, printed in his revolutionary papers words of criticism which are just as applicable now as then:

"The Parisians," he says in the *Lanterne*, "are like those Athenians who were told by Socrates: 'I am a physician, and plead against a pastryman; you are children, and therefore I shall lose my case.' Athenians of the eighteenth century, will you never understand the necessity of the indefinite liberty of the press? What is the surest pledge of civil and political liberty? It is the liberty of the press. And again, what is the surest pledge of it? It is the liberty of the press. And again! It is still the liberty of the press."

This definition, too (from the *Vieux Cordelier*), is by no means stale:

"What characterizes the republican is not the age or the government in which he lives, but freedom of speech."

—We borrow from No. 34 of the Journal of the Geographical Society at Berlin a list of indexes to that part of the world's literature which must be sought, with constantly increasing difficulty, in the transactions and journals of learned societies. The earliest of these was Reuss's, which took in the eighteenth and the first years of the nineteenth century. In 1845 was published Walther's systematic index to the papers of all the historical societies of Germany, followed and in a measure completed by Koner, who gave the contents of more than 1,200 journals, as well as of Academic transactions and societies' papers on history and its kindred sciences, for the half-century 1800-1850; and the geographical portion of his index has been continued since 1852 in the *Zeitschrift für allgemeine Erdkunde*. Schubarth's "Repertorium" of technical literature for the period 1823-53 was published in Berlin

in 1856, and from 1847 to 1865 appeared half-yearly the alphabetical *Sachregister* of the most important technical periodicals. A guide to periodical literature relating to statistics in the broadest sense of the term has now been begun by Dr. Engel, the well-known statistician of Berlin, in the shape of supplements to the *Journal of the Royal Prussian Statistical Bureau*, of which two have already appeared—"Repertorium für die cameralistische, insbesondere statistische Journal-Literatur für die Bibliothek des k. statistischen Bureaus in Berlin." The number of the Geographical Society's *Journal* which contains this useful list has no articles of very general interest. Two of them, by the African travellers Dr. Nachtigal and Gerhard Rohlfs, will claim the attention of those who are given to following explorations in that part of the Old World. The latter's route from Cyrene to Alexandria is laid down on a copy of Captain Spratt's admiralty map of the Libyan coast.

HECTOR BERLIOZ.*

THE life of a true artist is almost always a struggle—against circumstances, against fate, against enemies—a continual fight for bread and for fame. Of none was this more true than of Hector Berlioz, and though a sympathy with his musical ideas would naturally lead one to read his memoirs, yet, even should the reader become indifferent or averse to the story of his struggles, it will be impossible for him to leave it for its interest, or to end it without coming under the influence of his indomitable energy, and being ready to listen favorably to the music he composed.

Hector Berlioz was born, December 11, 1803, at the little town of Côte-Saint-André, near Grenoble. His father was a physician, and devoted much of his time to the education of his son, giving him, among other things, a taste for the poetry of Virgil which lasted him through life. The young Hector had a particularly impressionable nature; he once burst into tears over the pathetic scene of Dido's love which he was translating, and was unable to go on; and, at twelve years old, was violently, hopelessly in love with a young lady many years older than himself—a passion which broke out again suddenly and singularly at several intervals of his life. He was allowed by his father to learn the flute and the guitar, the only instruments available, and, great composer as he was, to the end of his life he never played on other instruments, even the piano. But when he began to study harmony, and to compose, his father, who destined him to medicine, began to be alarmed, and, after vainly trying to combat his prejudices, made a bargain with him, for a fine new flute, that he should study anatomy. At the age of nineteen, he went up to Paris as a medical student, in company with a cousin, and, at first, kept his promise to devote himself to his studies. But the first horrible day at the dissecting-room, and the first night at the opera brought back all his old ideas, and he threw up the scalpel to launch himself into the study of music. In so doing, he quarrelled with his father and his whole family. The father was angry that Hector would not pursue the respectable profession he had chosen for him, while the rest of the family were swayed by more illiberal ideas. To them, and especially to his mother, who formally cursed him, he was losing his soul by associating with actors and wishing to write for theatres, which were, in their eyes, the abomination of desolation. His father at last yielded so far as to give him a small allowance, which he from time to time withdrew when the expected success at the Institute did not come. It was only his final success and his European reputation that made his father finally forgive him and be proud of him. Berlioz, in the meantime, had made friends with Lesueur, and had become one of his pupils, and wrote a mass which, after much trouble, he got executed by borrowing 1,200 francs from an ardent friend.

At last Berlioz entered the Conservatory, and supported himself partly by giving lessons on the flute and the guitar, partly by singing in the choruses at one of the theatres, and, finally, by writing musical criticisms—being in the utmost need, and often dining off a crust of bread. After years of struggling, he made his way, and took a second and then a first prize at the Institute, in the midst of the Revolution of July. This prize compelled him to go to Rome, much against his inclination, for three years. Meanwhile, he was composing. He wrote the "Overture des Francs-Juges," the "Waverley Overture," the "Symphonie Fantastique," eight scenes from "Faust," operas, cantatas, and masses, many of which he burned soon after. He even had the audacity to give two concerts, which won him the friendship of Liszt, and made his name known. With his aggressive and enthusiastic nature, it may be imagined that Berlioz's life was not a quiet one; he had quarrels everywhere—in the Institute, in the Conservatory, in the orchestras. He hated violently what was false, and was never able to restrain himself. He defended zealously Gluck and Weber and Beethoven, who were laughed

at by the musical world of Paris, and with equal vigor attacked the gods of the day, and among others Rossini, whose music he detested, and agreed with Ingres in calling it "the music of a dishonest man." He even thought of trying to blow up the whole opera-house and all it contained. The new path in which he himself struck out so boldly alarmed the old-school musicians, and, jealous as they were of young rivals, they did their best to crush him. Cherubini, who was then at the head of the Conservatory, seems to have had a natural antipathy to Berlioz, and many were the battles they had, and many the ill turns which Berlioz received from him. In revenge, Berlioz made him "eat several snakes," to use his expression. Berlioz has been accused of irreverence towards a great musician on account of some of the expressions he has used about Cherubini, as well as about Fétis; but where is Cherubini now? The conduct of Berlioz was that of a young enthusiast, just such as we have seen in later days in an ardent Pre-Raphaelite towards an overpraised painter of the old school—if not laudable in itself, at least excusable. What Berlioz has told of it in his "Mémoires" makes one of the charms of the book, for it is neither a confession nor a defence, but a straightforward, amusing story. The most demonstrative features of this part of Berlioz's life were his evenings at the opera, which he says "were solemnities for which he prepared himself by reading and meditation." He and some chosen comrades were early in their seats, with a knowledge of every note of the score, ready to applaud or criticise, in a loud voice, too, and in such a way that managers began to be frightened, and it was seldom that a good work was twice unfaithfully rendered. Truth they insisted on. On some occasions they excited regular tumults, and once the audience rose in mass, invaded the orchestra, broke the instruments, and drove away the musicians. Sometimes, too, Berlioz wanted to make converts, succeeding once, at least, with a neighbor whom he least expected to persuade, and whose enthusiasm he had difficulty in quieting.

By an absurd arrangement, the laureates of the Institute in all the arts were obliged to spend at least two years at Rome, where Horace Vernet was then the resident director. Rome was then of all places the least musical, given over to the worst kind of modern Italian music, and to an adoration for Palestrina, and not knowing or caring about anything better. A learned abbé of the Sistine Chapel said one day to Mendelssohn (whom Berlioz knew there) that he had heard people speak of a young man of great promise called Mozart. Life at Rome, and even journeys to Florence and Naples, all had a depressing effect on Berlioz; he could hear no music, and could not even compose. During his whole stay he wrote but three or four pieces. He was given up to violent attacks of what he calls the "mal d'isolement," a malady which will almost be revived with those who have once felt it as they read the description and analysis of it given by Berlioz. Nothing but constant excursions into the Abruzzi made his life endurable. There he climbed, hunted, talked with the peasants, played the guitar for their dances, and brought away a souvenir which he has left to us in his symphonic poem of "Harold in Italy."

No sooner returned to Paris than he gave a concert, met there Miss Henrietta Smithson, an English actress who had created a great *furor* at Paris by her Shakesperian representations, and with whom he had long been desperately in love. The story of that love he wrote in the "Episode de la vie d'un artiste." Miss Smithson was now ruined, and had broken her leg, but the love was still powerful, his symphony vanquished her, and Berlioz at last married her in spite of the opposition of his family. His domestic happiness was marred by his wife's jealousy, and for some time before her death they lived in separation. Poor enough before, Berlioz now had his wife's debts to pay, and had to have recourse to many means, among others to writing in the *Journal des Débats* charming criticisms, which have delighted us in "A travers chants" and "Soirées d'orchestra," but which he says were a great task to him. He gave benefit concerts, and at one of them made the acquaintance of Paganini, who grew fanatical over him, and asked him to write a piece in which he could play a solo on the *alto*. This led to the composition of "Harold in Italy," and when Paganini heard it for the first time three years after, he fell on his knees and kissed his hand before all the orchestra, and the next day sent him a draft on Rothschild for 20,000 francs. Berlioz was ill and in despair, and it needed a noble act of munificence like this to bring him to life.

These years were all painful. The "Requiem" succeeded, but there was no end of trouble in getting paid for it; the opera of "Benvenuto Cellini" was a failure; "Romeo and Juliet" could not be properly performed; there were disputes and quarrels and enmities, but, above all, debts and family jars. These last finally drove Berlioz, in 1841, to Germany, to try his fortune at concert-giving. The plan succeeded not only pecuniarily but morally, for everywhere, and especially at Leipzig, Dresden, and Berlin, he was received with open arms, and listened to with enthusiasm. This new fame strengthened him for the struggle at Paris. After that there were con-

* "Mémoires de Hector Berlioz, Membre de l'Institut de France, etc., etc." Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1871. 8vo, pp. 509.

tinual journeys—through France to Germany again, Vienna, Pesth, and Prague, and even to Russia, and after that again and again to Germany and England. These journeys, as one may well suppose, were full of most amusing incidents. As Berlioz was leaving Vienna for Pesth, an amateur told him that if he wanted to please the Hungarians, he should compose something on one of their national airs. Berlioz followed his advice, and, choosing the air of Rákóczy, wrote, the night before his departure, the march which serves now as finale to the first part of his legend of "Faust." The effect of the theme introduced *piano*, and then reappearing in broken fugues in a long *crescendo*, interrupted by the sound of distant cannon, and finally terminating in a furious *fortissimo*, was far beyond what had been expected, and the Hungarians became almost crazy with excitement. This was in 1846. The news of the exhibition of national feeling flew to Vienna, and Berlioz had hardly arrived there before he received a hasty visit from the same amateur, who was in a comical state of anxiety, and begged him not to let it be known that he had suggested the composition of the Rákóczy March, as he would be badly compromised, and might suffer from it. This was not the only time that Berlioz's concerts were suspected by the authorities. The introduction of a chorus from Halévy's "Charles VI." in a concert at Paris led to the censorship of all future programmes; the language of the dead—mere incomprehensible words—in one of Berlioz's choruses gave great trouble to the Roman authorities, who called in German, English, Swedish, Russian, Irish, and Bohemian interpreters to try to explain it; the Latin student-song in "Faust" was prohibited by the censorship in Moscow as immoral.

A trouble of another kind befell Berlioz in Moscow. He applied to the marshal of the nobility for the use of the hall of the nobility assembly, the only good concert-hall in Moscow. The old man consented, on condition that Berlioz should play afterwards at a private reunion of the nobility. In vain Berlioz represented that he played on no instrument. "Impossible! how then give a concert?" A second and a third interview had no better result, even when the marshal's wife was brought in to aid, and Berlioz finally said that he would play a solo on the guitar, flute, or flageolet—instruments he had not touched for twenty-five years—or even on the bass-drum, if only he could have the hall. Fortunately, a general came in, and succeeded finally in getting an exception made, for once only, to the rules of the assembly. The concert was given, and brought Berlioz eight thousand francs, but he could not give another, though strongly urged by every one.

At Paris again there were new struggles. Berlioz organized monster concerts or festivals, brought out the "Enfance du Christ," one of his very best works, "Romeo and Juliet," and the opera of "The Trojans," suggested by his early readings of Virgil, the receipts of which enabled him to give up his place on the *Journal des Débats*, and he finally won his chair at the Conservatory and his seat at the Institute. The deaths of his father, his sister, his only son, and of his second wife left him desolate and alone, and he had recourse to constant musical journeys. It was in one of these, in Moscow, in 1863, that the writer had the pleasure of seeing him direct a concert of the Musical Society, and also a monster concert in the immense Riding School. Berlioz was then feeble, but when he led there was a vigor in all his movements and a fire in his eyes, half-concealed as they sometimes were by his long white hair. As a conductor Berlioz was admirable—one of the few who knew everything about the glorious instrument on which he played, and could develop every part of it. In orchestration he was an acknowledged master, and all the latest musicians, save Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, and Liszt, owe much to him. His work on instrumentation is the received authority. As a composer, Berlioz, like Wagner and Liszt, is the legitimate product of the ideas which inspired Beethoven, and, like each of them, is perfectly independent and has worked out his own way. His style and his genius are his own. The continual pressure of his life prevented him from writing much, and he never did what he might and what he ought to have done. As a critic and a writer, he possessed the faculty of expressing himself clearly, with vivacity and humor.

THE WANDERER.*

WE have heard of an intending contributor to an American periodical publication who, when his contribution was returned to him, sent a note to the editor, informing him that the verses declined with thanks had been much commended by a certain distinguished literary person; whereupon it was replied to the poet that his expostulatory remarks revealed a complete ignorance of the nature of the editorial mind, which in that instance, for example, was so far from being induced to revise its judgment of the verses in question on learning the opinion of the distinguished literary person,

that, on the contrary, it reaffirmed its judgment, and simply was filled with contempt for the distinguished literary person's taste. We are reminded of this story by the action of Mr. Channing's editor in securing from Mr. Emerson a laudatory preface to the volume before us. "The Wanderer" requires "a good reader," Mr. Emerson tells us, and such a reader "will find himself rewarded." Very likely it will not be found "a sure prize to the circulating libraries," but Mr. Emerson "confides that the lover of woods and hillsides and the true philosopher" will admire it greatly, and read it with pleasure. We, for our part, confess that we should be inclined to justify any one brought face to face with the dilemma presented by Mr. Emerson who should evade it, and decline to make Mr. Channing's acquaintance at all. It looks to us rather hard that the reader must either like "The Wanderer" or else sit down under the imputation of being no philosopher; or a false and incompetent philosopher. The preface appears to be a mistake. Not that most of us are unwilling to hear what Mr. Emerson has to say about a given person's poetry, but that few of us can be told without resenting it a little that the poem which we are about to read is so much above the common run of poems that we may very probably not like it, in which event we shall have shown that so far as our intellectual outfit is concerned we are no Platos, while as for our taste, that, it is clear, has become sophisticated and incapable of enjoying natural, unmeretricious beauty. "I can easily believe," the preface says, "that many a reader, and perhaps writer, of popular poetry will, after brief experiment, turn away with disdain from this rude pamphlet, and thank his stars that his culture has made him incapable of pleasure from such charcoal sketching." And then it is added, in substance, that there is so much of valuable thought in Mr. Channing's poetry, and so much that is beautiful in it, that the cultured person above mentioned must be very deficient in true cultivation. This being laid down as the state of the case, how is a person going to say that he desires to thank heaven that education and culture have so far refined and strengthened his native intelligence and taste that he for one would be extremely sorry to acknowledge as his own about three-fifths or two-thirds of Mr. Channing's poetry? The editor must own that he has made the task of so doing unnecessarily difficult, and, as we say, might better have let Mr. Channing speak for himself without prologue.

Take, for example, of the larger proportion of Mr. Channing's poetry, his philosophizing about a certain personage of whom our readers have heard a good deal and, indeed, "several of whom" they may have seen:

"Appropriate transcript of the natural man,
Hero of the old days! There he dreams—
The antique figure, carted from his bed,
Dreams of the time he shot the hippogriff
Trooping about his plains heavy with nightshade;
Or in his torrid swamps bestrode that beast,
The ichthyosaur, and listens to the yells
Of sharp hyena with the savans' talk.
As they debate his bones, and draw the plan
On which young nature laid his wide expanse.
Now drifted to the cities, he may hear
The swarm of pygmies buzzing at the door,
And, for the peal of ages on his case,
Remark the civic clock, politely tuned,
Shoot forth meridian time: the frantic crowd
That worry by his weight breathless to add
A blossom to their days, while his fell off
Or ever Adam gave the palm to Eve.
Fearing the myth, they ridicule his age;
Less credible, they deem a hero dead
Than insects scarce conceived.

"Far eras gone,
Magnificoes like this, old earth put forth,
That pave the brooks in Cardiff to this hour.
Races cropped out, and steady came the dream—
The giant; the Goliaths fought and fell;
Vain was the search, while every shape of beast
Reckoned incredible the soil produced.
The civil congregation fed and died
In war and peace conceiving; but no work
Of sculpture ere the flood, or man of mould
Twice in his stature topping o'er the kind,
Till that good farmer of the Cardiff vale
Flat in the boggy drain barely concealed,
The fossil creature found. Model the form;
Brow of Caucasian eminence and depth;
His figure average in Camper's scale;
And neck and skull right as a theory.

"Behold the entrance of a form in light,
From nations gone ere China or Japan
Baked clay pagodas, and, delightful gleam,
Bushels of Indian hatchets sank to please
Detective Lyell in the Amiens sand,
Or Switzer lake enjoyed the pile-built town.
Form water-worn; the mouth half eaten out,
And half the arm; the soles all honey-combed;
The stone of easy grain, and wrought with art.
More as some serious Roman looks it there
Than the brief creatures flitting on the streets
Bandaged in narrow garments fit to hide
Their scanty moulding. For that native drape
(Such as it is) outdoes the Roman baldness
Ere wig or peruke troubled the occiput.
And never in the brilliant forms of stone
That crowd the Vatican more royal shape
Of young Augustus, or Vespasian stern,
Or Sophocles—the tall, commanding Greek."

* "The Wanderer. By W. E. Channing." Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1871.

Fairly on a level with this profitable scientific excursus upon "John Henry" Cardiff, as the newspapers christened him, are Mr. Channing's views as to "war," which, so coherent and radically sensible are they, would do credit to a Peace Society met to express sympathy with stricken France; and there are numerous other subjects which are not very differently handled by our author, as the rights of woman; wealth; certain ethnological theories; various religions; "the tiresome 'Hamlet'"; "the holy Puritan," of whom, as being a canter and an abater of the Indian, Mr. Channing is not fond.

In dealing with these and similar topics, the poet shows far more of that "talent for causing surprise" which Mr. Emerson mentions as an essential talent of poets in general, and far more of his "invincible personality"—or his uneasy need of self-assertion—than he shows of any really good essential qualities of the poet; more, for instance, than he shows of talent for causing that sort of surprise which is succeeded by the surprise at ourselves for not knowing, till we found the poet expressing them, that we already knew of this beauty and truth which in his words have found happy utterance. But it is true, too, that with all his affectations and perversities—as of deliberately crippled metre—and all his unjustified egotism and his unregulated thought, Mr. Channing's poem is worth the perusal of lovers of poetry, and will indeed give them, *et nobis iudicibus*, a good deal of that pleasure which Mr. Emerson promises them. Often it seems to us to be very true to the chill, winter beauties of the New England side-hills, the cranberry swamps, the lonely, unmajestic woods where nature seems to speak her mystery the more plainly in that she never gives herself the fulness of definite expression that she uses in other lands. A good specimen of our author's successful manner is the passage beginning thus:

"Doth the wind
Blowing across the pasture where the bent,
Long frozen to its core, sighs through the ice,
Survey the landscape? Care if green or gray?"

The last part of it we will quote, and we suppose no one will like it the less on account of its reminding him of another chickadee who has been similarly moralized by another American poet. We may remark that to us the passage seems characteristic as well as good. We think it may serve not only to please as poetry, but also to indicate a trait of Mr. Channing's poetry by indicating a difference between him as a poet dealing with natural scenery, and another poet admirable in the same field. We mean Cowper, the recollection of whom, by the way, Mr. Channing too often calls up by the employment of a diction which we wish his "invincible personality" had prevented his borrowing from Cowper, and Cowper in the last stages of Latinity. One of the elder poet's pictures of nature Mr. Lowell has happily praised as being a good *human* bit of writing. In Mr. Channing's verse, on the other hand, his landscape usually retains all its bleakness, its bareness, its uncompassionate remoteness from the warmth of human sympathies. Or, if his landscape does give us more than its mere self, more than

"the wind
Blowing across the pasture where the bent,
Long frozen to its core, sighs through the ice";

or the hillside, once wooded, now covered

"with brush now risen;
Small saplings and thin bushes, where the leaves
Hang mournful through the winter";

or the winter swamp, where still lingers

"The pensile cranberry, redly bright";

or the stern January sunset:

"the unthinking cold,
The ruddy glare of sunshine in the west,
And the first flicker of the icy stars,
While the pale, freezing moon calmly awaits
To point their rays more sharp; . . ."

or

"a savage air
Amid the ice-clad boulders on the snows";

or

"The russet fields, parched in the July sun"

—if, we say, Mr. Channing's landscape-painting does at any time give us more than the landscape itself—if it informs the scene with something of human interest, the thought or sentiment is rather more apt to be such as to increase the loneliness and the chill. This we say without forgetting that many pages of "The Wanderer" overflow with the noblest sentiments. Priesthoods, however, monarchical governments, the cruelties of War, the hard-heartedness of Opulence, and the sinfulness of other forms of wickedness may be reprobated with great vehemence, and the divinity of humanity asserted with zeal for pages together, without persuading the critics—

". a race distract,"

Mr. Channing says they are, for which we call on the fraternity to remember Mr. Channing—that the verses are warm with much of the

soft blood-heat of friendliness and kindness. However, *non omnes omnia*; and we were to quote a certain specimen of Mr. Channing's skill:

"Yet mark the titmice—
Smallest of the tribe, mere specks of feathers,
Bits of painted quill, so delicate, a flaw
From either pole would extirpate the race:
Such little twittering mites condemn the storm.
That wintry moth I never fail to find,
And the hard snows have spiders of their own.
Let any thaw ensue, how green the plants
That, mid the russet grass, put forth their leaves,
Spreading resigned their verdure! clovers bright
And veiny hawkweeds, and soft, drooping ferns;
And down the brook, the wild cress moving free
Where'er the ice-chink lets the traveller's glance
Peruse the inward pages of the stream."

This certainly is much like being in the woods and pastures themselves, and beside the frozen brooks.

One other passage we had intended to quote, as containing better thought than most of Mr. Channing's verses—and yet thought at the same time characteristic of him and his school, while also it has the merit, already pointed out as Mr. Channing's chief merit—that, namely, of sharply and accurately transcribing noteworthy appearances in nature. But we prefer, on the whole, to quote another passage; one of the not large number which contradict our remarks about the lack of human sympathy in the landscape of "The Wanderer":

"Afar upon the sky the unmoving ship
Stands leaning, her place unchanged, still leaning;
And so she stands until below the line
Of that lone horizon she silent falls;
And some fond mother's heart watching her sail,
And children's prayers that guard a father's life,
He hears the billows grating on the keel.
With their gay sheets of foam and splashing lights,
The Gulf Stream past, where over Pico's cap
Sail the rich odors of the Western Isles,
And sweeping showers that cut like wings of steel;
And the long steady gale that never lulls,
Drawn through the rigging with its awful moan,
Most like the concert of the monarch pines
That line Katahdin's walls, when the nor'westers
Scourge that woodland brig: these sounds he hears,
These sights, unmoving, sees; Neptune forgot,
Thinks of his mother knitting by the fire
In his far-sheltered cot, his wife, who lists
As o'er his cottage-roof tears the wild gale,
And hears the children, 'Mother, the storm!
Will father feel the gale?'—'My child, my child!
And folds them to her heart. O mother dear!"

DE VERE'S AMERICANISMS.*

OUR author was right in thinking some apology needed for the publication of this book after what he calls Mr. Bartlett's "admirable and exhausting [*sic*] work" in the same field. His excuse is, that the last ten years have greatly enriched the peculiar vocabulary of our Greater Britain, and that the additions made to it in that period seem to him worth recording before they pass either out of memory or out of common use. This would be a good reason for supplementing Mr. Bartlett's Dictionary, which was reasonably complete up to the year 1860; but it is not exactly the justification we might expect for compelling us to buy the Dictionary, as shuffled and worked over and mutilated by Professor De Vere, in addition to what the latter has new to offer, and for so mixing the two that a great deal of precious time must be wasted in separating them. Prof. De Vere doubtless felt that his own contribution was too meagre to make a book by itself, and doubtless, too, the consideration had weight with him that his borrowings from Bartlett would be less conspicuous and have more the air of an original compilation if he dispensed in the main with the dictionary form, and, taking his predecessor's vocabulary to pieces, distributed it under sundry heads according to the real or supposed origin of each Americanism. Not that he has not acknowledged his general, and even occasionally his special, indebtedness to Mr. Bartlett, but the two instances which we cite below will show how he has used him while affecting not to use him, as if he had in mind an infringement of copyright which could be avoided by recasting. Of the word to *snake*, we read, on p. 213 of "Americanisms":

"Major Downing, in his *Letters*, uses it as a political effort, when he says of his great hero, General Jackson: 'We *snaked* him out of the scrape as slick as a whistle.'"

The obscure phrase, "uses it as a political effort," is a characteristic attempt of our author to distinguish shades of meaning that do not exist; but this is what we find on p. 422 of Bartlett (3d ed.):

"Major Downing says, in speaking of a person who fell into the river: 'We *snaked* him out of that scrape as slick as a whistle.'—*Letters*, p. 14."

Again, p. 302 of "Americanisms":

"A broker from Wall Street was *on hand*, and tried to pray, but he broke

* "Americanisms: The English of the New World. By M. Schele De Vere, LL.D., Professor of Modern Languages in the University of Virginia, author of 'Studies in English,' etc." New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1972.

down half-way in the Lord's prayer, and there seemed to be no one able to assist him (*N. Y. Express*, August 11, 1856)."

P. 303 of Bartlett, where the first illustration of the word is taken from the *N. Y. Express* :

"A broker from Wall Street was *on hand* at the meeting, and tried to pray, but, from want of practice, could only utter disjointed sentences about the money market, etc.—*Doesticks*."

The Professor, however, is not more loose in his quotations than in his classifications, which overlap each other continually. Thus, "The Great West" has a chapter to itself, though no other section of the country is thus favored; and yet there are co-ordinate chapters entitled "The Church," "Politics," "Trade of all Kinds," "On the Rail," "Afloat," "Natural History," which of course embrace numbers of words either native to the West or else as much in use there as in any other part of the United States. And after all, the odds and ends have to be scraped together into chapters called "Old Friends with New Faces" and "Cant and Slang." The opening divisions are perhaps the best, viz.: "The Indian," "The Dutchman," "The Frenchman," etc., but even these are not strictly adhered to. Thus, under "The Indian" we have remarks on the *shagbark* and *butternut*—names anything but Indian, and which properly belong under the rubric "Natural History," where in fact the latter is repeated; also on *gumbo*—"a word which, Indian or not," says the Professor naively; also on *calico*, because it has an East Indian origin. Carelessness of this kind prepares us for recklessness in greater matters, and for such sweeping assertions as these, which might easily be multiplied :

"To go *shopping* is perhaps the only phrase in which the humble word [*shop*] yet survives; everywhere else it is disdainfully put aside" (p. 302).

"On the other hand, the English use of *beaver* for a hat has entirely ceased, giving way to 'gossamer,' or, in modern slang, 'goss,' while the term is still used in the South and among old-fashioned people" (p. 208).

"The word 'spire' is hardly ever heard in America" (p. 233).

"While this [*conductor*] is his official title, he is universally addressed as *captain*, for Americans insist upon carrying the analogy with the steamboat, with which they were universally familiar long before railroads existed, through all the details" (p. 358).

Nor is the habit different when, instead of usage, the question is of derivation. "Evidently borrowed from the ledger," he observes of the phrase of *no account*, and then gravely wonders "why the Southern States, which are naturally much more given to agriculture than to commerce, should so especially affect the phrase" (p. 309).

A good many of Prof. De Vere's blunders, among which we may include the foregoing, must be ascribed (and of course forgiven) to his being a foreigner, though we think this fact should have admonished him to narrow his field when dealing with such a subject as "Americanisms." From some of them, nevertheless, it would seem as if his long residence in this country should have kept him free; and good-breeding will not be able to repress a smile at finding "a checkered fabric of cotton" identified with the *checks* which Jim Bludsoe "passed in,"

"The night of the *Prairie Belle*."

It is no disgrace, certainly, to be unacquainted with the language of *faro*, but an adopted Southerner should hardly remain in doubt "whether the *buck negro* obtains his name from the animal or from the general meaning of *buck* as a slang term for strong or lusty," whereas the word simply denotes a male. And a Confederate sympathizer cannot readily be excused for confounding the *Stars and Stripes* with the *Stars and Bars*, as is done on p. 258. A reference to "Familiar Quotations," too, would have informed the Professor that not General Harrison but W. L. Marcy "is generally credited with having first used the phrase," though neither "first applied the principle, that *to the victors belong the spoils*." A Northerner would not admit that Copperheads were "so-called from the contempt entertained for the snake that bears that name, or from the poor Redman, who used to be thus stigmatized." A Westerner would not pretend that "*to make tracks* is a metaphor drawn from Western life, and refers to the importance attached to trails, tracks, and signs of every kind in all regions where Indians and wild beasts have still to be encountered."

This last definition is a fair specimen of the padding with which the book under review abounds, and to which it would not be possible to do justice. At times it shows itself in amusing presumption of the reader's ignorance, as in this extract (p. 298): "A somewhat stronger term for the same operation [*chiselling*] is *gouging*, the figure of speech being evidently drawn from the carpenter's shop, where it means to scoop or chisel out with a hollow cylindrical tool!" At times the presumption is irresistibly the other way, as in the following bit of absurdity and bathos :

"The almost boundless liberty with which Americans use the words of their language was recently shown with painful impressiveness. In a fearful catastrophe which happened in February, 1871, on the Hudson River

Railway, all the horrors of the disaster and all the grief for the numerous victims could not efface the deep impression made of the useless but noble heroism of the engine-driver, who refused to escape, stood by his engine, and plunged with it into the abyss. It appeared afterwards that, in descending with railroad-men the expediency of jumping from an engine in time of danger, Doc. Simmons had once said, 'I would squat!' He meant he would squat down behind the boiler, and trust to going through with whatever might obstruct the road, after having pulled the brakes, reversed the engine, and opened the throttle."

What with its padding, its false and entirely untrustworthy derivations, its slovenly citations, and its numerous and gross typographical errors, "Americanisms" is a work of very limited value to scholars, and of very great capacity for misleading those who are not, and especially foreigners, who could never pick out the current from the obsolete expressions. It would be much more worthless than it is but for the liberal co-operation of well-known philologists, whose contributions, however, have not wholly escaped the author's propensity to blunder. As a mere catalogue, it may be consulted for words or definitions not contained in Bartlett—*e.g.*, *flibuster*, in Congressional usage; *tezas*, of a boat; *cavort*, etc.—but, on the other hand, it cannot be said to contain all that was important in Bartlett. For example, the word *saddy*, peculiar to Pennsylvania and the adjoining States southward, and a living Americanism, is unnoticed by Prof. De Vere, perhaps because he could throw no light upon it, though it is heard in Virginia. Following Bartlett, he makes no mention of "codfish aristocracy," or that indefinite intensive, "like Sam Hill." In defining *infare* as a minister's installation, he omits its other and broader meaning of a wedding festival; speaks of "eye skinned" but not "eye peeled," of "brevet-hell" but not of "brevet-horse" (*i.e.*, a mule), of "molasses stews" but not of "candy scrapes," of an "Indian giver" but not of an "Indian memory," of *fandango* as a dance but not as a swing, of "rake up the persimmons" but not "take the persimmons," of "Taunton turkey" but not of "Cape Cod turkey" (*i.e.*, cod-fish). "Up and dust," which appears incidentally in a quotation on p. 177, is not pointed out as an Americanism. "Spanking bays," p. 321, are so called not on account of their showiness, but for their speed, as we speak of a "spanking breeze." To "knock out the wedges," p. 320, is a remarkable instance of padding; the phrase is not an Americanism, it is not "used to express a painful embarrassment," and the passage cited from Lowell (in which it appears as an ordinary poetical metaphor) is no proof of either the one thing or the other.

An intelligent proof-reader could not have let pass very many of the errors which disfigure this volume. On p. 113, in the stanza from "La Belle Layotte," the last line but one appears thus distorted :

"Mo *pancor* ouar *grifforme* là,"

though *pancor* is printed correctly three lines above, and the masculine of *griffonne* on p. 107. The professor of modern languages may, perhaps, disclaim responsibility for this and similar errata, but the muddled poetical extracts and the mangled proper names must chiefly be charged upon him. A man of letters of his pretensions should not allow such misspelling as "Dale" for Dall, "Brett Harte" for Bret Harte, "Newalls" for Newell, "Howell" (twice) for Howells, "James Grant White" (twice) for Richard Grant White—an "acute and positive scholar," to whom he does the further injury of referring to his work on "Words and their Uses" as "Words and their Meaning," though also by its proper title, giving the reader his choice.

STIMULANTS AND NARCOTICS.*

VON BIBRA'S statistics of stimulants, given in "Die narkotischen Genussmittel und der Mensch," show that all nations, and nearly all adult persons, make daily use, in Dr. Anstie's phrase, "of some substance to which the term stimulant-narcotic may be applied in the strictest accordance with what we know of the nature of drugs." These statistics, quoted *passim* by Dr. Beard, are as follows :

"Coffee-leaves, in the form of infusion, are taken by two millions of people; Paraguay tea is taken by ten millions; coca by ten millions; chicory, either pure or mixed with coffee, by forty millions; cacao, as chocolate or in some other form, by fifty millions; hashish is eaten and smoked by three hundred millions; opium by four hundred millions; Chinese tea is drunk by five hundred millions. All the known nations in the world are addicted to the use of tobacco," and we may add that the same is true of alcohol. Tobacco is used by a larger number of the human race than any other article except salt; the use of wine is more general than that of bread; and whiskey is consumed by more persons than the potato.

Now this may be a very melancholy or a very hopeless account, but it is incontestably true; and it is also true that, in the words of the same author,

* "Stimulants and Narcotics, Medically, Philosophically, and Morally Considered. By George M. Beard, M.D." 16mo, pp. 153. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 1871.

the everyday use of these substances is no "outgrowth of modern corruption. There is absolutely no period of history, as there is absolutely no nation upon earth, in which we do not find evidence of this custom." But Dr. Beard, in addition to the favorable presumption based upon this general use of stimulants, argues also that their use grows more general with the progress of civilization, and that they are the most used by those nations which are foremost in power and in culture.

Dr. Beard adopts the distinction drawn in Dr. Anstie's valuable treatise upon the same subject. That distinction may be stated as follows: The effects of the substances we have named, which are all of the most important stimuli, are divisible into two classes—stimulation and narcotism. These are entirely different in their character: one is beneficial, the other hurtful; one physiological, the other pathological. Though the latter condition is produced, as a rule, by a larger dose of the same substance which produced the former one, yet the difference between the effects of the two doses is not one of degree, but one of kind. Stimulants are those agents which correct, economize, or intensify the forces of the system. Narcotics are those agents which produce a greater or less degree of paralysis of some portion of the nervous system. Stimulation is followed by no reaction; narcotism, unless fatal, has a reaction. The signs of stimulation are relief from fatigue, irritation, and pain, improvement in sleep and in nutrition, and increased capacity for mental and physical toil. The signs of narcotism are flushing of the face, dilatation of the pupil, mental disturbance, convulsions, delirium, and stupor, which may terminate in death. Each of these essentially different conditions, stimulation and narcosis, may be produced by the same agent. Whether the healthful or the morbid symptoms shall result is determined primarily by the amount of the dose; but its effect will vary with the age, the sex, the temperament, the habits, and the condition of health of the individual. Dr. Anstie in effect declares that the same substance which as a narcotic is poisonous, answers, when taken in properly stimulant doses, to the scientific definition of a food.

By means of this striking distinction, if it be well founded—and we can at least say that no destructive criticism of it has yet appeared—we may be able to reconcile the debate which rages around the question of the use of stimulants. It may become possible, in this way, to decide the practical question between temperance and total abstinence. Dr. Beard pursues the argument as follows: The sciences of chemistry and physiology cannot as yet tell us the precise functions which stimulants and narcotics play in the system. We are not able to build up any complete science of diet. Had we to wait for chemists to determine by experiment what we should eat and drink, we should starve before the simplest substances could be proved, beyond the possibility of a question, to be innocuous. To demonstrate by experiment the part that pure water plays in the human system would be the labor of years; and we need not wonder that science finds the enquiry into the functions of alcohol a difficult one. Scarcely a theory in physiological chemistry is secure from the danger of being superseded to-morrow by another theory. It is, therefore, unwise to postpone conclusions respecting the question of stimulants until full scientific demonstration can be made by means of experiment. We can only decide by studying the experience of the world; and we must lay aside our prepossessions in this as in the case of any other important enquiry.

Dr. Beard admits the fact that all stimulants and narcotics contain poisonous active principles, and that it is for the sake of these active principles that they are so eagerly sought. He points out that this does not affect the question of their use. Phosphorus, one of the most active of poisons, exists in fish and in meat, and carbonic acid in the purest atmospheric air. Poison lurks in the loaf of bread, and bursts out of the earth with the herbs and flowers. Of the fourteen elementary substances that enter into the structure of the human body, nearly all are poisons, "agents capable of producing a morbid, noxious, or dangerous effect upon anything endowed with life." We cannot eat an ordinary meal, or bathe in the sea, or drink a glass of water from the spring, without taking into the system more potent poisons than those which stimulants contain. The question, therefore, cannot be settled by this chemical argument. Again, stimulants have the power of sustaining the system, and, within certain limits, can take the place of ordinary food. Von Tschudi, a trustworthy observer, states that an Indian, sixty-two years old, worked for him five consecutive days and nights, with little sleep and no ordinary food, sustained by the coca that he chewed, and that at the end of this time he was well, and able to undertake a long journey. The instances of sustaining power derived from this stimulant are particularly striking; but they are as frequent in the case of nearly every other grand stimulant.

The influences of age, of sex, of race, of climate, of health, of temperament, of habit, of idiosyncrasy, as modifying the effects of stimulants, are next briefly discussed, and the author points out the causes of intemperance, as existing mainly either in bad organization or in disease of the brain. In

another chapter, the relation of intemperance to forms of government and of religion, and to illiteracy, is examined. In this respect we are, according to Dr. Beard's showing, in a bad way. There are in this country four and a half millions of persons over ten years of age who cannot read or write, and this enormous illiteracy is increasing, even in New England. In the last chapter, Dr. Beard enquires whether stimulants and narcotics have been, on the whole, beneficial to the human race, and, by implication, whether temperance or total abstinence is the wiser doctrine. Few questions more delicate or important than this can be entertained by the physician. To its answer a certain degree of courage is necessary in the case of a writer who, seeing the ruin that intemperance works, sees also that the recommendation of total abstinence, in view of the facts that we have recited, is idle as a preventive means—idle, except in the case of confirmed habits of excess, where total abstinence, enforced if necessary, is often the only cure. That to recommend total abstinence as a prevention of drunkenness, is to recommend the impossible, is apparently the conviction of Dr. Beard, though he has not stated it so directly as this.

The mass of fact—in the legitimate sense, rather than in that in which Mr. Parton uses the word fact—is large and varied, though it is not arranged after the most logical method. There is, indeed, a scrappiness about the book, but it gathers together much information upon the subject. A little less of American timidity, a little more of German or English boldness in stating the author's convictions, would have given this work greater interest. We could wish, too, that Dr. Beard had made it better in point of style, and added some original researches to those which he has collected; as, for instance, into the precise nature of the stimulus afforded by the chicory root. Still, this handy volume, though in no sense an original work, is a well-advised compilation, and happily combines the scientific and the popular character; and we have so lately criticised, in Dr. Alonzo Calkins's book upon stimulants, what is probably the worst existing account of this subject, that we are not in the mood to complain that Dr. Beard's is not the best.

LUDWIG'S STUDIES OF SHAKESPEARE.*

IT is nothing new to find a good book on Shakespeare coming out of Germany. It is a fact that is often explained by the convenient theory of race. But if that were the solution, we should find more and better criticism of Shakespeare in English writers, who are more nearly related to Shakespeare, than in the Germans, who, as it is, have far surpassed the English-speaking people in acute criticism and genuine admiration. With us Shakespeare is more nearly the shadow of a great name than he is with them. We go to the theatre, not so much to see his plays as to admire some actor, or to be dazzled by some ingenious theatrical apparatus. He is read, of course, but much as Homer is read—honored more by our traditional respect than by our frequent resort to him. If in Germany it is very different, if he still holds his place on the stage, and exerts a living influence on nearly the whole people, there must be some sounder reason than mere kinship to explain this difference. A truer explanation would be the higher æsthetic cultivation of the German people. That this is widespread, the popularity of Shakespeare proves; that it is deep, is shown by the profundity of German criticism. Mr. Lowell, who has himself written the best words in the language on Shakespeare, has already called attention to the merits of their criticism, and this book simply confirms us in our admiration.

The author was a playwright, but, being more critic than poet, he soon felt that his work was unsatisfactory, and sat calmly down to find the causes of his failure and the proper method of work. This volume, a collection of notes, often hastily written, at times as crude as remarks in conversation, is the result. The subjects that he discusses are various. They are tragedy, the real tragic interest, the delineation of character, the difference between what in our poverty of speech in æsthetic terms we must call the "naïve" and the sentimental poet, between the realist and the idealist—or, to take the example most frequently used by him, Shakespeare and Schiller. No mere enumeration, however, can do justice to the variety and ingenuity of his remarks. Then, too, their brevity and lack of connection, the fact that this is more a note-book than a book, make it more difficult of analysis. He was a man determined to investigate for himself, to take nothing for granted because it had been often said, and, in consequence, his book is one of the most suggestive that we know. That is in general the quality of books of intelligent criticism, because they only show us what we are perfectly able to see of ourselves, though, perhaps, we should never have noticed it, just as the poet shows us only those feelings with which we are all familiar. Ludwig reminds one of Lessing, but with this advantage, that he needed only to investigate, not to destroy, while Lessing had to be always busy in attacking what now in Germany are forgotten idols.

* "Otto Ludwig: Shakespeare-Studien. Aus dem Nachlasse des Dichters herausgegeben von Moritz Heydrich." Leipzig. 1872.

To justify our praise it will be necessary to give some quotations from this work, and in so doing we must apologize to the reader, because selection is difficult where all is so good, and where, in spite of the lack of formality in the treatment, the real connection is so close. Moreover, æsthetic works are not easily translated from the German into the English, since in that language the terms connote so much more than they do with us. Take, for example, the word "ideal." In English, it is almost sentimental: the German "Ideal" is far richer in meaning. And that is but one instance out of many. Here are some remarks on poetical objectivity which we translate:

"In fact, the poet can give us nothing but himself. The objectivity of the poet can only lie in the form of the representation. What he as a human being has himself experienced he represents as a poet, as existing outside of himself. If he is a genuine poet, he will make no copy of ordinary reality; he will be able, with but little difficulty, to transform it into poetry. If ardor is to be expressed, the poet can indeed only give a reflection of his own: the soul is on fire, but the hand is firm and cool. He expresses the symptoms of the sensation as he noticed them, by means of language. In treating of anger, the poet should especially remember that he has to represent this anger by the medium of an angry man. He has to give us not the material of anger, but this external appearance. The naïve poet appears objective on account of his apparent lack of intention, his apparent indifference to attaining his aim. Flowers in a secluded spot give us the impression of naïveté and objectivity, because their beauty does not seem intended for any observer. That is the charm of nature. What wonderful notes in the throat of a bird that perhaps no one ever hears! . . . On the other hand, one notices how the sentimental poet tries every means to make himself noticeable; how he lays on one side everything that might hide him from the spectator, in order to show all his charms, his fine feelings, his wonderful intelligence. His *self* is the medium. He says: 'See, this object seems beautiful to you because I, the beautiful, am the mirror of what is common. But just look, the thing is very common. I am what is really beautiful.' In the naïve poet is the genuine holiness of nature. He sings as one does at church—for himself; the sentimentalist is like a soloist in the choir. The naïve poet sings as the bird sings, the sentimental poet like a concert-singer—the one out of an inward impulse, the other in order to be admired; and, too, when he appears naïve, it is with this intention. This is the difference between Goethe and Schiller: one goes in his natural form, the other dresses himself very simply."

Here, again, is a description of the difference between Shakespeare and some of his successors:

"Shakespeare is the mirror, not the reflected image, of his time. He shows us dramatically the passions of his time in the struggles of contending and suffering men; but never is he carried lyrically into the contest which he is representing. And this is true, no matter how wonderful the power with which he enters into his characters, so that, as Germans say, he thinks their thoughts and speaks their words. The public are his jury. The whole case lies before them; it takes place before their eyes; no motive is hidden from them; no attempt is made to spare or to deceive them. We see what the guilty one was before his error, the kernel when the destroying tree rises; the seed of passion we watch growing until it overcomes the reason. We see the hero beginning his error, struggling with its consequences, and thereby increasing his guilt, and finally succumbing to it. Pity for human weakness seizes us. But he understands how to lift us to the standpoint of his own true, moral (*sittlich*) judgment. It is not the so-called idea, the object of passion, but the passion itself which yearns, sins, and contends; the star remains unaltered, untarnished; but the man who sought to reach it through guilt plunges with broken wings into the abyss. It is not the beautiful that perishes, only the guilt. The truth is neither the good nor the bad, the beautiful nor the ugly—it includes both; the choice stands open to man, and his fate hangs upon his choice. In the modern drama, on the other hand, as in almost all more recent literature, the author is seldom the mirror, but rather the reflected image of his time. The passions of the time are not the objectively-treated material, but rather dictate to him subjectively the material. The modern author is no longer the judge of the case, he is rather the advocate of the beaten side; he makes the exception the rule; he transfers the blame from the accused to the situation, to the time, to the judge himself; he makes the hero the sport of circumstances in order to win our sympathy; he appeals to our human weaknesses, to the passions of the day, to interest us in behalf of his client. The hero perishes, not as one who deserves his fate, but as a sacrifice to the materially stronger opposite party. His fate is not the consequence of his fault, but the fate of everything beautiful on earth."

By the word "Schuld," which is translated above by *guilt*, is meant not necessarily moral turpitude, but the inadaptability of the character of the hero to the situation in which he is placed, or, in his own words, "Schuld, i.e., the provocation of the suffering, an action relatively free, but yet his own, by means of which the hero excites a reaction that brings about his destruction, the beginning of the tragic action of which the end is the catastrophe." Elsewhere the author speaks of "this struggle in the hero's soul, this lack of a single quality while many others are present, this false note that disturbs the harmony, and prevents the whole man from reaching what he might otherwise attain, this contradiction."

We feel that we have offered but a glimpse of the merits of this book. It is one that cannot have justice done it by a page of extracts, so condensed is it already. But it is a book that will be of interest to every reader of Shakespeare, and, indeed, to every careful student of literature. It is full of sug-

gestions, explanations, and keen remarks, so that the interest never flags. Then, too, it differs from many works on æsthetics by the simplicity of its style, which is but ill represented in the lame English of the translations above, and by the familiar nature of the examples that illustrate the author's meaning. The author everywhere keeps himself free from metaphysical vagueness. Even if the reader should not agree with our author's opinions, he will find himself obliged to look deep before he is able to controvert them; and whether he will be able to controvert them we seriously doubt.

Barbares et Bandits. La Prusse et la Commune. Par Paul de Saint-Victor. (Paris. 1871.)—This is a book that might make a Frenchman weep and any foreigner laugh. The author, nevertheless, declares that in writing it he was inspired by an ardent love of France and (of which there can be no doubt) by a profound hatred of her enemies. Every page is filled with grotesque imprecations against Prussia—wild declamations on her barbarity, and scurrilous abuse of all her great men. There is a lack of dignity, of self-respect in the book that we hope is more peculiar to the author than to the whole country in its present humiliation. He begins by quoting long extracts of abuse of Prussia from Heine's different writings—his "De la France" and the preface to the "Germania"—which are the best things in the book. Heine's hatred of Prussia was genuine, to be sure, but due more to the incongeniality he felt as a poet to that arid country, and to his poetical enthusiasm for France, than to anything else. The more charming his songs, the less reason would there be for letting him arrange boundary lines and questions of international law. Our author, however, is delighted with his support, and boasts that "France has now only Germany's hordes opposed to her." Let us see how he treats them. "L'armée française est une famille; l'armée prussienne est un troupeau fauve conduit par des belluaires menaçants." "Carthage était naïve, la 'perfide Albion' d'autrefois était magnanime auprès de ce gouvernement sans foi ni loi," etc., etc. This is the severe criticism that comes to the lot of the Emperor after a page of personal abuse: "There is something more horrible than the roar of lion or tiger—it is the tears of the crocodile weeping over the prey it holds crushed between its teeth." This is apropos of the annexation of Hanover—Bismarck, naturally, is not grossly flattered: He is "Prussia personified, . . . his uncovered face would make Hobbes recoil and would terrify Machiavelli, . . . he recalls the demons whom Milton shows us in Pandemonium, plotting the diplomacy of hell." M. de Saint-Victor, however, is impartial in his hates. He asks: "After all, what is this Germany, now so proud and dictatorial? Une race à peine décaissée de la barbarie; the last comer in Europe into the world of civilization and light. . . . In the eighteenth century this Prussia, that pretends to send us to school, learned of our philosophers. It was with the heat of Voltaire that this serpent grew warm. Then, it is true, under a conjunction of unforeseen stars, there arose in Germany a group of poets and thinkers—Goethe, Schiller, Herder, Kant, and Lessing." Literature and philosophy are both dead in Germany; "the only province left it is the cold and subterranean country of erudition."

So much for the country, now for the people. They throw off their romanticism and mysticism, their patriarchal crowns and contemplative spectacles; "they reappear as they are, the sons of the Huns and of the Vandals, the barbarians of Priscus, disciplined à la Prussienne, better armed, but as savage, only having exchanged their fossil hatchets for the needle-gun." The poor women who are left behind are thus complimented: "Those blonde maidens, sung by their poets, are changed into furies to incite their brothers and lovers to the despoiling of France; for pillage they stretch out the claws of harpies. Goethe's Margaret makes place for Margaret Schneider, the betrothed of John Dietrich, fusilier of the 7th company of the 82d regiment of the 42d brigade of the 21st division of the German army, who bids her lover enter some jeweller's shop where he could pillage. O house of Gretchen become a cavern of stolen goods and brigandage! From the dove's nest issues the thievish magpie, with ear-rings in his beak." "They are barbarians, and they are proud of it. . . . Remember the apocryphal telegram in which they spoke of themselves as 'those devils'—'visiblement ravis de poser en monstres, de jouer aux démons, de recourir en corne satanique la pointe de leur casque.'" The German colony in Paris does not escape. Wagner's music invaded the opera-house; German beer, "la lourde choppe," drove out the café which chats and the cabaret which sings. What there is good in Germany the author is willing to adopt, namely, its discipline, without its military pedantry, etc. Then, too, he proposes that all Frenchmen should learn German, "that obscure and inextricable language, behind which, knowing our ignorance, they concealed their plans of hatred and projects of ravaging, as they hide their armies behind a wood." That is to say, he denounces the Germans for speaking their own language, of which he says elsewhere, it "takes on, when

it insults, the bestial accent of a savage idiom." The Emperor is bidden "to go recount his victories to his Augusta, who has become legendary like the ogre's wife in the fairy tale."

While the Germans are scourged in this way, the Commune gets off very lightly. One of the principal charges the author brings against it is that it may have the bad effect of making the French forget their holy hatred of Prussia. Before the Commune "leagues were forming, like sanitary cordons, against the return of the German spies. . . . The oath of Hannibal was engraved on every heart." And now the hatred, which had been diverted towards the Commune, must return against the older enemy. "The Commune was drilled by Prussia. Its bandits were the valets of the German hangmen, etc." A prompt and terrible vengeance is this writer's only hope for his country.

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